F O R U M

and Century

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One More Peril for Youth

Editorial Foreword

NEWARK, N. J. February, 1938. Mrs. Ethel Sohl confessed to holding up and killing a bus driver while under the influence of marijuana. Sentenced to life imprisonment."

— *U. S. Bureau of Narcotics*

In the United States the authorities are now seizing and destroying annually four hundred thousand tons of the illicit weed popularly known as marijuana.

For the first time our school children are now seriously menaced by the temptation of narcotics. Says the Commissioner of the U. S. Bureau of narcotics:

> Our children, homeward bound from school, are being introduced to a new danger today in the form of a drugged cigarette — Marijuana. This weed is jeopardizing American youth, making of those who become marijuana addicts irresponsible degenerates or criminals. On street corners there has developed the refrain Do you want to be happy? Hey, kid! Do you want to be happy. This voice must be stilled.

In Ohio, a gang of seven youths under twenty recently perpetrated thirty-eight stick-ups while operating "high" on marijuana. In New York City, an addicted inmate of the Tombs confessed that he had murdered a friend and put his body in a trunk. In West Virginia, a young man was arrested for the rape of a nine-year-old girl while under the influence of marijuana. In Texas, a hitchhiker under the influence of marijuana murdered a motorist. In Florida, a marijuana victim butchered with an ax his father, sister, and two brothers. In Michigan, a marijuana addict manacled a trooper to a mail post and put a bullet through his head. So grows the tale and tally of the latest peril for the youth of America.

'REEFERS'

MARIJUANA-DRUGGED CIGARETTES are known colloquially under various names, such as *reefers* and *muggles*. They produce idiotic laughter and a temporary state of lunacy; if they become a habit they may bring on permanent insanity. Marijuana causes a feeling of exaltation and magnificent illusions regarding time and space. Eighty miles an hour may seem like twenty, or the victim may seem to be soaring above the clouds. Later come irresistible impulses to violence. Its effects are more unpredictable than those of opium. Fortunately, juries are ignoring the plea of "temporary insanity" and sending criminal addicts to prison. In New Orleans it is claimed that one out of four arrests can be attributed to marijuana smoking.

This opiate, new to the United States, has been known to the Orient since the dawn of history. Its illicit use spread here from Mexico and, with it, the slang name *marijuana* — "Mary and Jane." It is derived from the leaves and fruit of the plant *Cannabis sativa*. For all its impressive Greek name, *Cannabis sativa* is nothing other than our common weed hemp, which grows high in almost any climate.

Hashish is the most popular name for

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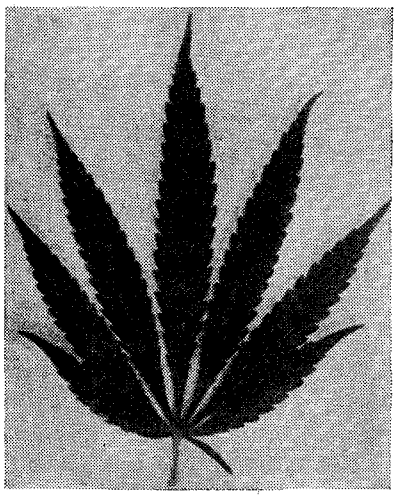
marijuana in the Near East, where hemp has been cultivated for centuries for the tough fiber made from its harmless stalk as well as for the narcotic resin and drugs derived from its leaves and flowering shoots and fruit.

The insidious elixirs of *Cannabis sativa* have, since the beginning of the Christian Era, contributed to keep the once virile races of India, western Asia, Egypt, and northern Africa in a state of dreamy and innocuous desuetude. Like the opium-smoking Chinese they have become politically impotent. Apparently the Arabs have at last shaken off its lure, while the ascetic Japanese are content to sell narcotic drugs for profit to other peoples and live at home on rice and fish.



Destroy It!

Hashish is more provocative than opium. It excites the mind and brings on temporary insanity, thus leading to robbery, rape, and murder. The violence of its effects may be judged by the derivation of the English word *assassin*. *Assassin* comes from an Arabic word meaning "one who has drunk of hashish." The religious and military Order of the Assassins, founded in Persia in 1090, terrorized the Near East for centuries, destroying its enemies by secret murder.

Providence gave us appetites for two purposes: to guide us in satisfying the normal needs of the human body; to afford us a means of developing character when we resist overindulgence.

Providence is fairly generous in making accessible the opportunities for regulation of the abuse of our appetites — too generous, it seems to most of us. Sex and its lures lurk around every corner. Alcohol can be procured almost as easily as potatoes. Narcotic poppies bloom with enough profusion across the face of the planet to provide all mankind with visions of paradise.

Providence prefers to have us exercise temperance rather than abstinence. But most mortals are too weak to choose their blessings in moderation. Instead, we often pray *Lead us not into temptation*. And, if the gods do not answer the prayers of cowards, we then call on governments to remove the enticement. Nature insists, however, on self-discipline; the failure of the Eighteenth Amendment has thrown American youth back once more on its individual resources of temperance.

In the case of more deadly pleasures, government has been effective in tempering the temptation. A few years ago the peddling of morphine and heroin, white powders of the beautiful poppy, seemed to be undermining the morale of the Forgotten Man. Europe and Asia were smuggling their tantalizing drugs across American shores. Our federal grand juries were overwhelmed with cases of dope peddlers brought into our courts. The men "higher up" were amassing fortunes. But the League of Nations came to the rescue. Convention followed convention. One nation after another passed laws restricting the manufacture and export of the products of opium. The League did not abolish war, but it did succeed in curbing to a considerable extent the illicit use of these dangerous habit-forming drugs.

Federal Regulation

By the Federal marijuana tax act of October 1, 1937, any person in the United States who grows or produces hemp for sale or deals in it must be registered and pay an occupational tax. On each sale or transfer of the shoots, leaves, fruit, or seeds of hemp that produce marijuana, as well as the extract itself, he must pay a still heavier tax. Severe penalties are provided for failure to report.

We can warn our children against hemp poison but we cannot expect them to help much in protecting themselves or aiding the Treasury Department or the local police. The war on this new drug demands the concerted patriotism of all parents. Let us inform the police on all peddlers of the drug. We should be able to recognize the hemp weed whenever we see it growing against a wall or in an open field. Let us telephone the police in such case and insist they find out whether or no the owner or grower of this plant is operating under license.

Henry Goddard Leach

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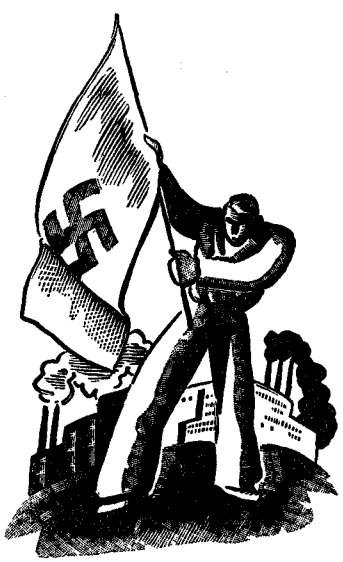
'Unser Amerika'

The Nazi Program for the United States

by **S. K. PADOVER**

AMERICA IS rightfully German. Germans played the predominant role in creating, preserving, and upbuilding it; German blood predominates in a majority of its citizens; the German Hour is imminent when the Germans here will rise and take over the United States.

This is a major thesis of Nazi propaganda. It is not the mere babbling of extremists; it is part of the official program of the German foreign propaganda institute which is hard at work here inculcating the doctrine — "arousing those of German blood to the sense of brotherhood and solidarity," as its agents put it. Already they call it *Unser Amerika* — "our America."



Preposterous? Remember the terrible effect this weapon has had in Hitler's hands in Europe. The United States has at least six times as many Germans as had Czechoslovakia; the Nazis argue that it should be just as vulnerable.

Their avowed purpose is to "reconquer" America, regain the domination which they claim was rightfully theirs from colonial days but was wrested from them by the Yankees through a kind of Hebraic cunning they got from the Bible. It is improbable that the realistic and enormously able Nazi top men expect any such overwhelming triumph. What they do remember bitterly is that the knockout blow in the World War was delivered by America. If they can create enough dissension, enough dissatisfaction, and enough pro-German, pro-fascist sentiment in America to prevent our again helping Germany's enemies, they will have won victory enough — a victory worth any effort and any expense.

But, whether for the larger or the lesser objective, they have under way in this country a more intensive propaganda campaign than most Americans realize. Bits about their activities crop out in the newspapers. The story of the Nazi semimilitary organization here, for example, has been told. It is sensational — the Dies committee heard there are a half-million members — but it should be viewed in perspective against the whole carefully prepared and comprehensive plan of which it is but a small part. It is a sinister plan but not without its elements of grotesque humor.

The Nazis have worked out an almost perfect technique of nonmilitary aggression and peaceful disruption, triumphant alike in Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. They confidently believe it will be equally successful here. The technique is to stir up dissatisfaction and internal dissension, then to step in and dominate the chaos they have created through the German minority they control.

To stir up dissatisfaction in the United States, they are attacking democracy and its institutions.

Pamphlet No. 7 of the official Nazi *Instructions for Our Friends Overseas*, says, "The fundamental aim must always be to discredit conditions in the United States and thus make life in Germany seem enviable by contrast." Democracy in the United States likewise is pictured as on the verge of collapse; the masses are "beginning to be out of control." Learned professors write that nothing except Naziism can save the United States.

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The United States is, in any event, a rich, vulgar, corrupt, and basically uncultured land, owned by Jews, full of criminals, and clinging to a degenerate form of government. Worse, the Americans are neither a race nor a nation but a sort of bastardized racial conglomeration in which the best blood, that which made the country powerful, is German.

If Americans are ever to be free, they must destroy the Constitution, which the Nazis call "the chain that ties the whole misery of American politics." Above all, Americans are told, they must smash the bill of rights, which is the bulwark of decadent liberal-democratic notions. "The bill of rights," says Hans Kiderlen in his book, *Journey into New America*, "is the wall in which a breach must be made before America's problems can be solved."

The tragedy of America is that it does not realize that democracy is dead here. *Wille und Macht*, official organ of Nazi youth, says:

> For the average American, democracy is a faith, and a fanatical one, at that. Therefore it is pointless to argue with an American objectively and coolly about democracy and dictatorship.

The thing to do, then, is not to argue but to attack.

Poisoned Pimples

So much for creating dissatisfaction here. To create dissension, there is another technique. The Nazis, with skill born of long practice, raise issues. These diabolically raised issues tend to split the country socially, undermine political institutions, instill mutual hatreds among the citizens, and inevitably cause civil conflicts; it is then that the Nazis step in just in time to "save the country from Bolshevism."

The issues are pimples, at first. A man may go through life without noticing or caring much about a pimple. But let him begin to be anxious about it, try to cure it by rubbing or cutting — then the pimple will become inflamed; complications will develop; soon the whole body will be poisoned. The Nazis find pimples and scratch them. There was not much of a Jewish problem in Germany before Hitler, nor was the Sudeten problem acute.

There are three pimples which the Nazis hope to develop into boils to poison America. They are: (1) the racial problem; (2) the Jewish problem; (3) the Germanic problem.

To the Nazis, the "racial question" is the core of all thinking, all political behavior, and all culture. And yet blind America simply refuses to get excited about its twelve million negroes who threaten to "negrify" the country. Unless something drastic is done about this, the United States will become a degraded nation.

Henrich Krieger, writing in *Die Tat*, warns us sternly:

> If America continues to drift along her present racial course, she must inevitably be forced to abandon calling herself a Germanic nation. It is not "white" and "colored" that actually oppose each other in the United States today; it is the Germanic race, which is meeting all other races. . . . As racial comrades, we hope and wish that Germanic America will increasingly find its way back to the principles of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, who were worlds removed from the liberalistic idea of racial equality.

The Nazis stand ready to help us clean up this racial mess and prepare for a purified *Unser Amerika*.

Then there is the Jewish problem. The Nazis are exerting every effort to make the United States Jew-conscious. The Nazis know that nothing else splits a country wide-open so thoroughly. Hence all Nazi propaganda abroad is at least 98 per cent anti-Semitic.

Since 1933, the Nazis have distributed thousands of pamphlets designed to convince American farmers, workers, and lower middle-class folk that the country is Jew-dominated. Repeating their time-tested formula, they trace every American ill to the Jews. They are spreading the canards that the Jews control America's money, own the American press, and dominate the government. "Aryan" Americans are urged to revolt against this Jewish tyranny.

Colin Ross, of the institute for foreign propaganda, admits bluntly that anti-Semitism in America is a vital necessity for Nazi plans. His utterances may be accepted as official.

Now the Germanic issue. Americans don't know there is one, but the Nazis claim that the United States has so much German blood that all Hitler needs to do to control America is to arouse this "blood" to an awareness of its brotherhood.

For the basis of their claims, they go back to Pastorius, who with his Mennonites settled Germantown, Pennsylvania, claiming he and others played a preponderant role in the open-

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ing of the new land. A German, Martin Waldseemüller, first named it "America," in 1507. Another German, Charles V, was King of Spain shortly after Columbus returned from his fourth voyage. This, in Nazi law, gives Germans title to the Western continent. (Actually, Charles V was part Austrian, part Spaniard.) Moreover — so writes a Nazi scholar — Martin Luther, a German, founded Protestantism. Without Protestantism, there would have been no Protestant colonization of North America. "Without Luther, America would never have existed. Thus the deepest roots of the United States go back to a German." All this, the Nazis conclude triumphantly, gives "us" as much right to claim that North America is German as the British have to claim it is Anglo-Saxon.

Nor is this all. By the time of the American Revolution, a great portion of the colonists were German or had "German blood." Large numbers of them fought with Washington. (The Hessians on the other side are never mentioned.) Other "Germans," notably General Steuben, came over to help the colonists. When it was all over, there was a movement to make German the national tongue and to put a German king on the vacant American throne. "Some wanted a French, others a German king," the popular Nazi author, Johannes Stoye, recounts, but the unscrupulous Anglo-Saxon minority robbed the Germans of their victory. This was the fault of George Washington.

In the Civil War, every third soldier in the Northern army was a German, and General Robert E. Lee said that "without the Germans, it would be a trifle to lick the Yankees."

Who Are We, Anyway?

Such Nazi spokesmen as the officially endorsed propagandist Colin Ross grow frantic when they recall how the Anglo-Saxons have cheated the Germans out of their proper place in the American sun. Ross is the descendant of Scotch forebears who settled in Germany generations ago; he is regarded in Germany as their foremost authority on American affairs. He writes indignantly:

> We are bitterly furious at the way they treated the Germanic portion of the population from the very beginning and how thoroughly and carefully they obliterated everything that the German has done for his American fatherland.

But, the Nazis console themselves, the Germans are bound to control America by sheer numbers and "blood." They claim that from one fourth to one third of the population of the country is of Germanic blood. Professor Karl Haushofer, the famous geopolitical theorist, puts the number at thirty million in his *Weltpolitik*. This is too conservative, according to others. Richard Nitschke, in his *Der Auslandsdeutschtum*, a public-school textbook, puts the number at thirty to forty million. Another school textbook figures that almost half the American population is of Germanic origin.

Parenthetically, if the German claim were accepted and from the remainder of our population were deducted the Italians, the Irish, the Slavs, the Jews, the Scandinavians, the negroes, and the Orientals, about fifteen million persons of Anglo-Saxon origin, or 11 per cent, would be left. Perhaps the English never settled this country at all! In sober fact, the census of 1790 put the German population at 8 per cent; it may be 15 per cent now.

But whether it is forty million or fifty million, writes Georg Timpe in his *Catholic Germans in the United States*, "German blood" is of the very essence of America. So are German words, German thought, German culture, German music, German education.

"In all the veins of America's cultural body flow the German spirit, German profundity, modesty, self-sacrifice, duty, endurance, thoroughness." Herr Timpe says the hour is at hand when the "German essence" of America will reassert itself:

> The American of today would not be what he is . . . if no German had ever come over there. . . . In what form, in what sense, in what moment his German Being will again participate in world history and become a source of pride and usefulness to the old fatherland, no one can say. But that such a moment will arrive one day, and that we will be compensated for the sacrifices which we have made there, is not a deceptive hope.

In the official *Handbook of Foreign Germans*, Hugo Grothe writes darkly that one fourth of America's blood will not long be denied its rightful place. The Reich must do everything in its power to make these Americans return to their German race.

Gigantic efforts are under way to arouse this Germanic element to a feeling of solidarity with the Germany of today. The "forty million Germans" in America must be used to stop

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America from joining Britain and France in the war against the Reich that is bound to come. "For let us not forget," Colin Ross writes almost hysterically, "it was America that decided the World War!"

The Institute of Germans Living Abroad, at Stuttgart, is perhaps the greatest single propaganda plant in the world; its purpose, as reiterated by Hitler, Goebbels, and Goering, is to bring people of "German blood" into the spiritual fold of the Reich. (Dorothy Thompson points out that it is the exact counterpart of the Communist International.)

The Institute is compiling a *German World Migration Register;* agents everywhere in Germany search family Bibles and letters to trace all persons who have emigrated during the last hundred years and to record the names of living descendants.

"The world-migration book," says the *Stuttgart Kurier*, official organ of the Institute, "must represent not a card index, but a German world in human beings. With each human being should be established personal connection." Here is to be the colossal list of persons to be bombarded with "blood-brotherhood propaganda."

Minister of the Interior Frick, addressing the Fifth Congress of Germans Abroad, in Stuttgart in 1938, sternly reminded his hearers, "No German abroad may forget that he is always and everywhere a piece of Germany."

At the same meeting, Goering bluntly warned the world that Germany "is not only ready but strong enough to protect Germans all over the world."

Richard Nitschke writes in *Der Auslandsdeutschtum:* "In our position, we cannot afford to give up one third of our people. We make no distinction between Germans at home and Germans abroad."

The *Stuttgart Kurier* states flatly:

> We desire to bring back the Germans in the United States to the racial unity and common faith of all Germans. To this end, the spiritual and intellectual reform of Americans of German extraction is necessary, in accord with the model furnished by the homeland. . . . German-American influence shall then be thrown in the balance *under our leadership* for the coming struggle for America's regeneration.

The Chosen People

NAZI PROPAGANDA in this country aims at two audiences. To the non-Germans are addressed the racial, anti-Semitic, and antilabor propaganda; to the Germans, the appeals on grounds of "blood" and "culture."

The more sinister is the Nazi propaganda among Americans of German descent. The Nazis, by the way, protest the term "German-Americans" and prefer the plain German word *Amerikaner*, which implies "Germans in America" and, as it carries no hyphen, suggests no possible division of allegiance.

The *Amerikaner* are told that Naziism is a world movement which is bound to lead to Teutonic domination of the United States.

Nazis quote Dr. Goebbels' assertion that the "German idea" must conquer the world, including the United States, for the Germans are the Chosen People, selected by destiny and history to rule the earth.

Colin Ross appealed to Governor La Follette's third party to espouse Naziism frankly. The Nazis strain every effort to undermine the German-Americans' belief in American ideals.

To carry on their propaganda more effectively, the Nazis have established a network of cells, agencies, organizations, and press bureaus in every population center of the country. Most powerful organization is the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund, under Führer Fritz Kuhn, sedulous ape of Hitler. The Bund, like its parent, the propaganda institute in Stuttgart, rejects the validity of American citizenship. "The German man is and remains our fellow-national (*Volksgenosse*), regardless of the citizenship papers that he may possess."

Much of the effort of the Volksbund is to capture American youth of German descent. The Volksbund holds that "our future," meaning the future of Nazi designs in America, lies in the youth. "In our youth groups we want to build young men to be useful to the German folk community." Free German-language schools give "careful German training" and prepare youths from seven to eighteen "to become members of American Germandom." American-German youth is told that it is not enough to speak or even to think German. "We must consciously work for the totality of the folk, and become politically active in a folk-German sense," writes *Junges Volk*, official organ of the Nazi youth in the United States. "A few of our generations have permitted themselves to be robbed of what eminent men of our blood have built up and left behind in

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this country. To reconquer this is our most sacred duty."

The *Yearbook* of the Bund proclaims: "We are proud of Germany! Proud of its great Führer! Proud of our language! Proud of our culture!" The program of the Bund is: "The union of all people of German origin in the United States."

The Bund is a tightly knit organization, along military lines. Kuhn, three regional directors, and one youth leader rule no less than fifty-six units scattered from coast to coast. Each group has its own newspaper.

Apart from the strictly party newspapers of the Bund, there are twenty German-language newspapers in the United States that are unofficial Nazi mouthpieces, preaching anti-Semitism and ridiculing democracy.

What the Nazis Want

Far more significant is a book by an eminent Nazi — Colin Ross's astounding *Unser Amerika*, published in Leipzig in 1936. It must be taken as semiofficial: in the first place, Ross is an officer of the propaganda institute in Stuttgart; second, the organ of the Nazi Party, *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* (June, 1938), urges that it be given the "most widespread distribution."

It is remarkable that this book has escaped attention in the American press. In it, Ross recites the arguments we have already reviewed. Then he urges that the "thirty million Germans in the United States" should assert the rights of their blood by every and any means. He is sure of an ultimate victory in the United States because of the collapse of the old Anglo-Saxon ideals of liberty and democracy.

"Language," Ross consoles himself, "is not everything. I met Americans of German descent who did not speak a word of German and who nevertheless are and remain 'German-Americans,' to use this customary but inept expression."

He protests strenuously against the German habit of saying that "we also" contributed to America. That implies a partnership, whereas the Germans were the chief factor in America's creation.

"I am convinced that German blood in the United States will come into its own only after it insists upon it energetically," he writes. "I believe in the German Hour of America. . . . The great historic events usually are prepared underground until they suddenly emerge in the open." Few outsiders, Ross continues, realize how widespread is the German movement. "The German rebirth in the United States is more powerful than most people think."

> We Germans in the old country can only watch the great revolution that is preparing over there, not altogether impartially, to be sure; for our hearts will always beat for a people whose blood is one fourth ours. When this German portion . . . will have taken a firm hold of the destiny of its new fatherland, it will do so not for our sake, but for its sake, the sake of America.
>
> "From amongst them [Germans in America] will arise a German Thomas Paine. . . . He will unite all of German blood. All will come as soon as they have realized the simple truth that they are not "Americans" but "Amerikaner," men of German blood and American soil. . . . Then they will be able to exclaim proudly the words of the German poet who wrote . . .
>
> "America would have been nothing
> If we were not Amerikaner —
> We, Amerikaner, we —!"

Thus the Nazis will save America from "chaos and barbarism." Ross reiterates that the Germans have a sacred duty to perform; America is "a creation of the German spirit," hence the United States must become *Unser Amerika*.

Even if they cannot take over completely, he thinks at least the country ought to be split into a number of geographic blocks, each to be bilingual, with German speech predominating.

The mass of German-Americans have shown themselves consistently cold to Nazi propaganda, just as they were cold to the clumsier German propaganda of World War days. Despite enormous pressure and Nazi incitation, they have remained what they always have been, loyal Americans.

The situation in the future is, nevertheless, fraught with danger. The Nazis have the theoretical and material basis for a powerful "race and blood" campaign in this country. German plans look far into the future. Hitler has proclaimed himself again and again to be supreme lord and protector of all people of German blood on earth. It is almost certain that, when the Führer is ready to strike at the two great European democracies, he will instantly intensify the "race and blood" issue here, as he did in Czechoslovakia. He may even demand autonomy for "Germans in America."

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A Husband Turns Housewife

by **DAVID ALLEN BATES**

I AM THE HOUSEWIFE in our home. I do not regard this as incompatible with my position as husband because of the circumstances which brought about my decision.

In the first place, there were unmistakable warnings that our marriage would dissolve before its second year ended, and I was well aware that sooner or later, at this rate, Ruth and I would end in the divorce courts. The only alternative that remained was that of compromise, although compromise in this case would mean that I'd have to renounce — for the time being, at least — my notions of the marriage partnership and take on the duties of housekeeping which I had assumed Ruth would perform daily after she returned from work.

A second reason developed when I lost my position with a magazine. I spent several weeks at home, writing to contacts and prospective employers. It was during these weeks that I found the peace which had eluded me — us, I should say — because we had wrangled continually since the day of our marriage (which by a stroke of irony was St. Valentine's Day).

Then and there I decided that I should obtain work I could do at home. Weren't some of my friends doing it successfully? Wasn't Reynolds writing fiction at home while Marion worked? And wasn't it the same with Les? The hitch in my case, however, was that if I worked at home I should be expected also to do the housework.

I analyzed the situation thoroughly and finally convinced myself that it was worth the price. "He is happiest," observed Goethe, "who finds peace in his own home." And Goethe probably noted that at least half our lifetime is spent at home.

I was fortunate to find the sort of editorial work for which I had been looking, at about the same salary as I had earned in my last position. I do my work at home now and take it to New York twice a week. But what to me is equally important is that I have started on the Book which I had intended to do immediately after our marriage.

My salary is two dollars a week more than Ruth's, and, in addition, I have an income from sundry little services which nets us several dollars more every week. I repeat to myself the fact that I am a breadwinner. It is important for me to remember this; otherwise my experiment as housewife would be unbearable and short-lived.

I rise at 7:30 every morning now; Ruth rises a little later. Breakfast for two is fixed by 8 o'clock. Dishes are washed and dried, and the kitchen tidied up by 8:30. While Ruth is putting on her hat I start with the daily ritual of dusting, vacuuming, making the beds, putting away shoes and laundry, and so forth. It's easier to do this every day than to let work pile up for week-end cleaning.

I have finished by 9 o'clock and am ready for my own work. Out come typewriter and papers. Notes and books are spread out before me fan shape, and I have begun work a little after 9.

Ruth, I know, is also cheerfully at work at her own desk in the advertising department of a small medical publishing concern. Her mind, too, she tells me, is at rest and unhampered by the worry of knowing she will have to do housework when she comes home, tired and taciturn as she often is, from an irritating day at the office. Ruth is entirely delighted with our new plan.

My routine requires that I work at my papers till 1 o'clock. Then I ease up a bit to prepare my lunch. It is always a simple, nourishing meal and at the same time economical. This last point is important. Our income has always been small since our marriage, for I am not established as a writer, and Ruth is sadly underpaid by her employers, who have not

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restored the 15-per-cent cut in salary they made four years ago. The need for strict economy was a third important reason which made me turn housewife.

Ruth was extremely wasteful with her purchases for the home. She was the ideal victim for the sales spiel of any grocery clerk. Our kitchen was filled with "specials" for which we had not the slightest use. Our icebox was choked with fruit, and more came every other night. Her attempts to convert our home into a Salvation Army kitchen make a long and painful story. There was no use talking to Ruth about it. All of us have our blind spots, and it seems that, unless we discover them ourselves, we remain "of the same opinion still" in spite of everything.

II

ALL THAT is ended now.

I remember that the grocer enlarged his store and the fruit dealer opened a branch store in Jamaica — not quite through Ruth's patronage alone but through the combined patronage of a multitude of young women like Ruth. There must be millions like her in America — our good, sweet young wives, charming and intelligent and co-operative in every other way but, many of them, sadly unprepared for and indisposed toward housework and home economics.

Many of them are in urgent need of schooling in the art of spending so that every dollar will buy as much of a dollar's worth as is reasonable to expect. Knowledge of this art can come only through training in the college of everyday experience. Here again my early years in Father's grocery store adapted me peculiarly for the role of housewife.

I should mention at this point the part my early background played in my conversion. Mother was not strong physically, and I often used to volunteer to help with the housework. I thought little of it at the time except as it made life easier for her. But it is astonishing how childhood impressions affect mature life, how early observations may become grooved into life patterns. Whatever the psychological causes, here was your man already housebroken.

On the other hand, picture Ruth as a charming modern young miss possessed of an anti-home complex — a more or less violent aversion toward many of the chores of the house. The reasons for this may perhaps be found in her own background.

Her father died when she was a child. Her mother worked in an office after that, and Grandmother did the housework. Ruth found that she had to go to work immediately after graduation from school. She was given no opportunity to learn home economics, except for a smattering of it at school.

It is obvious then that marriage brought together a man who was reasonably sympathetic toward housework and a woman who was better adapted for the business world than for life with mop and broom.

In spite of these fundamental differences in temperament, however, we followed tradition during our first year of marriage. What a mess we made of it! I argued it was woman's duty to do the housework. The fact that my own limited income necessitated Ruth's continuing to work did not alter my obstinate view. And I insisted that she work at both home *and* office.

During the stormy sessions that followed, however, I learned that you can't operate against the limitations of nature and get away with it. She seems to have her own plans for evolving marital harmony, and trying to follow your own conceptions of what will achieve it is likely to end in violent wrangling. Those dreadful sessions not only exhausted our energies but made us both lonely and wretched.

Yet from these violent storms was born abiding quiet; from marital discord evolved harmony; from bickering, understanding and mutual appreciation. They were the cleansing storms of our married life.

We compromised!

Ruth and I have both gained in weight, and we both look considerably better. Our friends have all noticed the change. Obviously the enforced ordeal of office work along with housework was too much for Ruth. If I had insisted that she keep up her dual role I'm certain the inexorable climax would have been our ruination. Through compromise, however, through a respectable exchange of duties, we have preserved a companionship that has proved itself fully worth preserving.

When Ruth comes home evenings now, she is met by a cheerful spouse who has put in a full day's work at his desk. If I have been able to do it that day, she will find a nourishing supper

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already in preparation. At least she will find all the shopping done, so that she can easily fix something for us both. It's a fifty-fifty proposition all around — no questions asked and no nagging. That's what we mean by "compromise." If it makes Ruth happy and it affords me the mental quiet which I crave so much, why, we'll continue to flaunt the traditional tenet that the role of housewife must belong to the wife alone. Society made that rule, and we — as members of society — have a right to adjust the principle to fit our individual circumstances.

III

ONE OUT OF SIX MARRIAGES is said to end tragically in the divorce courts. And the divorce rate — since the Civil War — has increased 2,000 per cent! Think of it! I feel that this figure could easily have been reduced had marital partners used a little discretion, a little more common sense, a little more of the spirit of compromise. Patience, tolerance, tact we have found to be indispensable to happy married life. And this happy state *can be achieved*, as we have achieved it, through trial and error.

Friends have asked me how long I intend to remain a housewife. I propose to carry out the experiment for about one more year. By that time we shall have saved enough to be able to afford a child. And by that time (she will be twenty-eight; I, twenty-nine) Ruth will, I am sure, have become more cognizant of her responsibilities as housewife.

We have regular sessions during which we discuss home and kitchen management. Ruth also discusses home economics with married friends, and I encourage her to read books and magazine articles on the subject. She is responding sensibly, and it is but a matter of time before her "education" will have been completed — education she should have absorbed automatically during childhood, had she been privileged to lead a normal home life.

In less than a year, too, I hope to have finished my Book. It may or it may not find a publisher. If it does — well and good. If it does not, it will at least have benefited me considerably as a writer and made it easier for me to get a better paying editorial position. In either case, however, Ruth will then stay home and become a housewife — and mother.

Thousands of young married couples in America today are situated much as Ruth and I. While this is owing primarily to modern social and scientific conditions, the team of husband and wife working together has played a great part in American history. I may go so far as to say that it is one of the essentials of the American tradition that husband and wife exchange duties, if need be, until a crisis is passed and so-called "rightful" duties once more assumed in the conventional mode.

Husband or wife did not ask — during the period of our colonial settlement and westward expansion — whose job it was to make the fire and tend the cattle, handle the plow and harvest the grain. Whoever found the time took the task on himself and made no special mention of it thereafter.

In 1938 it is the economic frontier of the twentieth century which we newly married couples have been facing during the past eight years. And co-operation between man and wife has been equally as urgent as it was in the era of the covered wagon.

A terrific amount of work must be performed in order that today — as yesterday — a home may be founded, a family reared, financial provision made for that family, and the American dream of freedom from economic worry achieved. Handicapped as he is by abnormal competition and with the ogre of unemployment forever threatening him, the average man cannot alone cope with the task.

I believe that any woman loyal to her husband is obligated to help him during their early years of married life, if she is physically able to do so, just as he is in decency bound to aid his espoused partner to the utmost and in every conceivable way within his means, as long as she needs him.

It is a sad time now to insist on a stern segregation of "masculine" and "feminine" duties. It may not be quite the romantic thing, but man and wife *must* work together when the income of neither is enough for both, in order that together they may maintain a respectable standard of living and also start saving for the day of Junior's arrival.

That, to Ruth and me, is the credo of modern American "frontiersmen" — our millions of young married couples. If, as in our case, it requires that the husband turn housewife as an emergency measure, it is all in the day's work.

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They Love Roosevelt

by **RICHARD L. NEUBERGER**

A VANQUISHED Democratic candidate for the United States Senate looked over my shoulder as an Associated Press teletype machine jerkily recorded the Republican triumphs of the recent election. "Gosh!" moaned he, "if only the President's popularity could have carried us through!"

This remark, muttered in the bitter disappointment of defeat, describes the major political phenomenon of our time — the spectacle of a president beloved by his people, yet who is almost completely disassociated in the public mind from the candidates of his party and the policies of his administration. Although many of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers and theories of government are thoroughly unpopular, the same men and women who scoff at them admire him, with an admiration that is fervent and intense.

There seems little relationship between the standing of New Deal policies and the standing of the chief sponsor of those policies. The same straw polls that, last spring, showed government spending in high disfavor revealed an identically opposite verdict on the man who had just proposed a new spending program. There also is scant connection between the President's popularity and that of his party's candidates.

Just after the crushing "purge" setback in Maryland, a staff correspondent of the *New York Times* wrote: "Yet President Roosevelt, should he be running tomorrow for re-election, would carry the state."

A *Times* correspondent in Georgia said the President himself could sweep the State "hands down" despite the fact that his chosen candidate finished a wobbly third in a three-way contest.

It is significant that, all during the disastrous purge, the Gallup poll detected no harshening in the public attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt.

Two weeks before the November election, Dr. Gallup announced a rise in the President's standing. He was found to have the support of 59.6 per cent of the electorate, not far below the 62.5 per cent he polled in the overwhelming victory of 1936.

The *Fortune* survey, released nearly simultaneously, discovered the President at "his all-time height of public applause." The country, declared *Fortune*, is devoted to Mr. Roosevelt personally.

But these same polls indicated that numerous New Deal policies and most New Deal strategists were as unpopular as the President himself was popular — and not many days later the Republicans made substantial gains in the House and Senate and took over the capitals of eleven States.

The election left no doubt about the general estimate of many New Deal innovations. The farm program is discredited in the Middle West. The National Labor Relations Board has failed to settle the violent labor wars along the Pacific Coast. The spending spree has not restored prosperity to the industrial East. All over the nation the WPA politics of Harry Hopkins are in disrepute. Republican candidates hammered away at these policies but not at the man most responsible for them. Charles A. Sprague, the successful Republican aspirant for Oregon's governorship, minced no words about the racketeering and coercion rife in the labor situation, yet he had only kind phrases for "the great humanitarian in the White House." Even the incredible Congressman Dies, with his blanket attacks on practically every individual prominently associated with the New Deal save one, was mild to that solitary exception. "The President," said the usually raucous Mr. Dies, "has been misinformed."

This is the new strategy of Republicans and conservative Democrats alike. The politicians have sensed a tendency among the people to detach Mr. Roosevelt from any objectionable New Deal features. Ickes, Hopkins, Corcoran,

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Jackson, Douglas — all are fair game, but not their boss.

Even as he was in the process of being "purged" from the Democratic Party, Governor Martin of Oregon carefully distinguished between the noble leader and such "incompetent federal officials" as Miss Perkins and Secretary Ickes.

While his name was on the White House black list, Senator George of Georgia stumped his state hailing "that great and good man, Franklin D. Roosevelt." And, a few hours after the President had endorsed one of his opponents, the Senator said that the peerless chief executive had been misinformed by rascally advisers. The names of these advisers he did not want his listeners to think he was "mentioning in the same breath with that of the President."

Senator Herring of Iowa helped his colleague, Senator Gillette, decisively conquer a White House candidate and then announced that Mr. Roosevelt was more personally popular than ever in the Corn Belt.

Even the indomitable Borah, after labeling the Supreme Court "reform" plan an "evasion of the Constitution," introduced the promoter of that plan in Idaho as "our great President."

The political small talk of average Americans is conclusive proof that the country exonerates the President himself from responsibility for New Deal bungling. A few days after the recent elections, Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round" made a quick trip through six or seven States in which the Republicans had won decisive triumphs. They found the people indignantly opposed to many New Deal policies. Yet they also found that the people "blame everything on the brain trust or the cabinet or the politicians, but they still speak of Mr. Roosevelt as a man who is trying, who may make mistakes, but by and large is doing his best for the country."

This remarkable state of public opinion has so impressed itself on Frank E. Gannett, one of the President's most persistent newspaper critics, that not many weeks ago he predicted that Mr. Roosevelt would run for a third term and be re-elected. He said the President had such personal strength with the people that only he could carry the New Deal standard to another victory.

A National Idol

Mr. Roosevelt's vast following, it seems to me, is attributable to personal faith rather than political agreement. This explains many things. It reveals why in States where he is tremendously popular the President cannot transfer that popularity to others of his political outlook.

He went through Texas in what Robert S. Allen of the *New York Post* described as "a triumphal procession." Senator Tom Connally too, another foe of the Court plan, called him "our great President." But the President's endorsement failed utterly to re-elect the left-wing New Dealers, Maverick and McFarlane.

To the people the New Deal appears to mean trust in a man, not a legislative program to be enacted by sympathetic congressional members. Just as the voters mentally isolate the President from his unpopular advisers, so do they isolate him from senators and representatives. That is why many Democrats elected in the sweep of 1936 have been men out of line with the New Deal; it also is why the President could carry Massachusetts by 174,103 votes at the same time that the State gave a senator hostile to the New Deal an almost identical majority; it is why the country could tell Dr. Gallup that it is 57 per cent against regulating farm prices, 58 per cent against government spending, 62 per cent for the Ludlow war referendum, 64 per cent no better off economically — and 59.6 per cent for Franklin D. Roosevelt!

To the voters with whom I have talked, the President is not the responsible head of a coordinated government and political party. He is simply Mr. Roosevelt, "our great President."

How else account for the fact that Pennsylvania and Ohio have just elected Republican governors, only a few short months after tumultuous welcomes from their people impelled Thomas L. Stokes, the Scripps-Howard reporter who wrote the articles indicting WPA politics in Kentucky, to say, "If the President went out deliberately to find the answer to the question, 'How'm I doing?' he should be pleased"? What else explains *Fortune's* discovery that the voters are devoted to Mr. Roosevelt — and extremely skeptical of his policies. Is there another explanation why Ore-

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gon balloted nearly three to one for the President in 1936, still supports him by 70 per cent in the Gallup poll, and yet has just rejected emphatically two referendums calling for State collaboration in New Deal power and housing programs?

When else in our history a condition parallel to this? The sins of past administrations were also the sins of presidents. But today the same people who condemn and distrust the New Deal call the man in the White House "our great President." What is the background of this political paradox?

Much has been written and said about the attitude of many wealthy Americans toward Mr. Roosevelt. Their hatred of him is a common topic. The lack of objectivity with which they view the New Deal has been widely discussed. Cartoons and jokes poke fun at the situation.

S. J. Ray in the Kansas City (*Mo.*) Star

Considerably less attention has been paid to the outlook of the masses of the people. Aside from conceding their sympathy with the President, few have attempted to estimate the real nature of that sympathy. Does it stem from a general understanding of the New Deal? Is it because of the President's impressive personality? How readily can it be jolted? Will it endure if Mr. Roosevelt runs a third time?

Scarcely any president since George Washington has maintained so high a pitch of personal popularity as long as has Mr. Roosevelt. No president has survived as many prophecies of political disaster.

"The New Deal is nearly 20 months old and has shown slim results," wrote the President's future son-in-law, John Boettiger, in the *Chicago Tribune* in the autumn of 1934. "The *Literary Digest* poll announced a few days ago has shown the administration policies now receiving endorsement by only the barest majority."

That was four full years back, at the twilight of the temporary armistice between the New Deal and the conservatives. The interim has been packed with predictions of impending political doom for the President.

The bitter struggle in Congress over holding-company legislation, the threats of Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin, the collapse of the NRA, the long succession of Supreme Court rulings hostile to the Administration, the nomination of Landon, the plan to revise the judiciary, the sit-down strikes, the charges involving Mr. Justice Black and the Klan, the "recession" in business, the defeat of the reorganization bill, the break with the Vice President, the ill-fated intrusion into the Democratic primaries, the recent Republican conquests — these and a dozen other happenings of the last four years have been hailed successively by the opposition as marking the beginning of the end for Mr. Roosevelt.

Yet he still travels on. After almost six years in the White House, his personal popularity is so great that a third term is not regarded as beyond the realm of possibility. What is the bond between President and people that has withstood political failure and economic adversity?

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND

OUT AT THE END of a trolley line in Cleveland, a tall motorman with graying temples told me: "I'm not much better off than I was back in thirty-three. But that's not our President's fault. He's trying to do all the good he can. He's doing his best."

And, nearly a continent away, in the hills of

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California, a ruddy stump-rancher assured me: "The New Deal hasn't helped me very much, but our President is for the little fellow, and I'll string along with him."

Practically the width of the country and an era in civilization separate the places where I jotted down those remarks. One was uttered by a man who runs a streetcar through a crowded metropolis; the other came from a backwoodsman far in the Western hinterlands. But both expressed the same sort of faith in the President: a belief in his sincerity and his devotion to the people and no tendency to put on him any blame for mistakes and failures. And both referred to him as "our President."

To men and women in twenty-two States — States all the way from frontier Washington to industrial Connecticut — I have put, in the past seven months, the question I asked the motorman in Cleveland and the stump-rancher in California. I have inquired not whether they are for or against the President but *how they feel about him*. In the great majority of instances, I have found the replies astonishingly similar.

The bulk of the people are for the President. They are not certain of what he is doing. About much of his program they have only vague and indefinite ideas. Confusion and misinformation are legion. But they are for him.

Scarcely one person in ten seems to have the slightest notion how the money for the PWA and WPA has been raised. Nevertheless there are plenty of complaints about such specific New Deal policies as are understood. All except outright labor partisans seem resentful of the Wagner act. The huge public debt causes almost universal fear. Interference in State elections is not approved.

But subordinating all this is the general feeling that the President's heart is in the right place, that whatever he does is with the best of intentions. Bruce Barton has thus described this feeling:

> Those men and women who have been most neglected in our American life believe they have found a friend. They say to themselves: "He cares. He is trying to do something about it."

This kind of adherence is more significant than that based on studied agreement with principles and proposals. The latter sort of support might prove to be ephemeral and easily lost on a single issue. Leadership founded on faith and trust is different. It endures many crises. And, all the way across America, only an occasional individual is found who is for Mr. Roosevelt because he has done this or done that. The others do not give specific reasons. They are for him because of a conviction that he is *their* President and will not let them down. It is a belief that will survive a lot of punishment.

Ersel Gibson, a dairy farmer in the basin of the Columbia River, says:

> Our President has made a lot of mistakes. The farm program is not working out very well for me. But I think he is doing what he honestly thinks is best for the people. That is the most important thing right now.

Rollie House is a portly Shrine potentate who pilots the Union Pacific streamliners over the Wyoming hills. Hear what he says as he looks at his watch to see if he has the *City of San Francisco* in Rawlins on time:

> Hoover rode up here in the cab the other day. He's a nice man, but Roosevelt is the President for me. I don't always think he's right, but he's doing his level best. It's not his fault things haven't picked up with the railroads.

Let Ray Morse talk for a minute. He sells insurance in Michigan, once captained his football team at college. He believes too much attention has been paid to industrial labor and not enough to the so-called white-collar worker. But for this Ray does not blame the President:

> He's fair to everybody. It's only natural for him to make some mistakes when he's trying to do so much for so many people. You can bet your last dollar he's not neglecting anyone deliberately.

These are typical specimens of the American public opinion I sampled. The talk of "economic democracy" and "making capitalism work" comes from a small, politically conscious minority and not from such average people as Rollie House and Ray Morse. The voters whom I asked about the President appeared to be for him because of a hunch that they have his sympathy. This feeling is so firmly rooted that, when these people become disillusioned about a particular governmental policy or act, they mentally separate Mr. Roosevelt from that phase of his administration.

An Indian at Celilo Falls on the Columbia River was certain the federal dam at Bonneville had destroyed the Chinook salmon runs.

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He blamed the army engineers. "If White Chief know, he fix."

A taxi driver in Baltimore contended the Labor Board had turned over the country to the C.I.O. "They've even double-crossed the President," he assured me, at exactly the time the newspapers were reporting that Mr. Roosevelt would reappoint one of the three Board members to another term.

The master of the Washington State Grange said the new farm bill was disastrous to the ranchers of his State. He held Secretary Wallace responsible "for deceiving the President" — and yet the President signed the bill.

A shopgirl in New York wondered why so many loafers were kept on the WPA. "Our President would do something if he ever saw those bums leaning on their shovels."

Harry Hopkins came into a State and completely messed up the Democratic political situation. A precinct captain of the Democratic Party told me he was sure Hopkins was a communist. The man wore a red, white, and blue button that blared *I Want Roosevelt Again*. I wondered if he knew that Harry Hopkins was supposed to have a standing invitation to dinner at the White House.

That these are not isolated instances is shown by the Gallup poll, which announced that only 30 per cent of the people blame Mr. Roosevelt for the business recession.

I have talked politics with some of the war veterans attacking Miss Perkins because she will not deport Harry Bridges and other radical labor leaders. Many of these veterans are strongly for the President.

Farm spokesmen disgusted with the agricultural program are still zealous Roosevelt followers.

Consider the American Federation of Labor, for example. Its executive council has unequivocally condemned Administration policies. William Green has blessed many candidates on the roster of White House enemies. But an Institute of Public Opinion survey reveals the rank and file of the A. F. of L. almost as solidly in favor of the President personally as are the members of the C.I.O.

A Faith to Break Precedents

Is this a salutary condition?

It has shocked me to talk with people who think the labor unions full of communists and who fear inflation is just around the corner, yet worship at the shrine of "our great President." It seems to indicate a complete lack of political direction when grown men and women who are militantly for Mr. Roosevelt complain that cabinet officers are deceiving him or that he is in the clutches of irresponsible advisers.

What has caused this confused thinking? The opposition to the Administration must bear much of the onus. Its hysteria over the reorganization bill was not designed to make people study issues through. Nor are Mohawk Valley formulas drafted to promote intelligent political thinking.

A country editor in Montana remarked:

> No wonder the people are so blindly and personally devoted to Roosevelt. The Republicans and most of the press try so hard to bewilder them there is nothing else they can do.

But the President must shoulder some of the responsibility. Many of his economic trails have been so meandering that even learned economists lose them in the undergrowth.

From the people I have chatted with and questioned, I think Mr. Roosevelt might win a third term. In the first place, these enthusiastic adherents will be reluctant to let him retire. Secondly, theirs is the sort of faith and devotion not shaken by precedent or tradition.

One of my friends, a successful insurance man with a humble background, said to me not long ago:

> My mother looks upon the President as someone so immediately concerned with her problems and difficulties that she would not be greatly surprised were he to come to her house some evening and stay to dinner. She almost regards him as one of the family.

Fidelity of this type is slow to assess blame. Jibes at Secretary Mellon used to strike President Hoover at the same time. But the arrows aimed at the machine politics of Jim Farley and the primary-election tactics of Harry Hopkins have yet to graze Mr. Roosevelt. He and his advisers move in different spheres, so far as vast sections of the people are concerned.

In a speech delivered last year the President said he had to keep faith — "faith with those who have faith in me." The extent and exclusively personal nature of that faith may result in the first attempt of an American president to win a third consecutive full term in office.

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Adjusting Yourself to Yourself

by **WINFRED RHOADES**

WHAT IS THE MOST difficult task in the world?

It is safe to say that, at any rate, *one* of the most difficult tasks any of us has to tackle — and also one of the most urgent — is that of learning how to get along with other people harmoniously and fruitfully and with as much of real enjoyment on both sides as possible.

But even that, arduous as it is, does not stand at the top. There is another task which is yet harder, at least for some of us. It is that of learning how to get along with ourselves harmoniously and fruitfully and so as to encourage health of both body and mind.

There is only one need which is more fundamental, and that is the need of adjusting oneself to the universe, to the mystery of existence and the quality of thought and conduct which that mystery of existence calls for.

A certain amount of conflict must enter always into the experience of the man who would truly live. If one is to keep the integrity of his mind and soul, a certain sturdy nonconformity is necessary. And, as for the world outside oneself, progress comes there just because there are men and women who live as yeast in its midst, refusing to let themselves become mere replicas of what they see round about them and endeavoring to make themselves communicators of deeper insights and truer values than the multitude cherishes.

That calls for difficult adjustment continually: adjustment on the one hand to the need for entering into conflict, which must often lead to situations that are hard to endure, and on the other hand such adjustment to the point of view of other people as will avoid conflict when it can be honorably avoided. It calls for adjustment to other members of the family, adjustment to employers, to fellow workers, to the various individuals who cross one's path day by day, adjustment to the general trend of the times.

But the adjustment that is called for still more greatly is the adjustment of oneself to oneself: a progressive adjustment of one's lower nature to one's higher nature, of one's clamorous instincts to one's chosen standards, of one's hopes to one's frustrations, of one's dreams to one's possibilities, of one's ideals to one's memories, of one's heart hungers to the griefs that life brings, of one's judgment to one's emotions.

Life, which is hard enough at best, is made still harder by the failure to make such adjustments. Inward unadjustment and maladjustment (there is a distinction) can lead to serious breakdown: to physical pains and weaknesses and also to depressions, phobias, melancholias.

Clara Edral's case is an illustration of what can result when inward adjustment is wanting and of the improvement that can come when adjustment is brought about.

She was suffering from headaches and other pains. She had lost all appetite for food, had become anemic, and had dropped to less than a hundred pounds in weight. She was overwhelmed with attacks of coughing. She felt so weak that she was unable to do her work and had to give up her needed job. Her exhaustion was so complete that she could not even play the piano. She had developed such a habit of fear that not only was she unable to make herself take a trolley car and go to another part of her city without a companion but she would not even go out of the house alone. She was living in such mental distress that a breakdown of her mind seemed imminent. She thought she needed physical attention. But her real need was more fundamental and greater.

For what lay back of Clara Edral's physical

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breakdown? A long-standing inward unadjustment lay back of it. When still less than twenty, she had begun a love affair with a boy a few years older, and the intimate relations of sex had been established and had been permitted to continue for several years. She was now living in fear of having acquired an infection. She was on poor terms with a sister who lived in the same house and she was in constant fear of exposure. She was suffering from feelings of guilt. She had her memories to reckon with and also her unregulated passions.

What she needed above all else was help to make a satisfactory adjustment of herself to life and of herself to herself. Not until she had been helped to begin those adjustments — not until she began to learn how to live in a better way with her passions, so as to be their mistress and not their victim, and began at the same time to gain command over both her memories and her fears — not until then did she begin to get better either physically or mentally. Then, as the inward adjustment progressed, her pains disappeared. She became able to travel about the city alone in a normal manner. Her melancholy broke away. She began to be the mistress in the house of her self.

The girl was sick physically. But she was sick before that in a far more critical and primary way. Her mind was divided against itself. She thought she needed treatment for physical disorders. What she needed was treatment for the disorders of her mind and spirit.

II

What is it that all of us are trying to do? We are trying to discover and lay hold on the values of life. It is obvious that what a great many people reach out after most of the time and try to lay hold on and what all of us reach out after and try to lay hold on some of the time are false and deceptive values.

The education that is needed most of all by all of us is of a kind that is not easily met with. For education, in its deep and true sense, is essentially a learning how to make a right estimate of the diverse values that life offers and a learning how to reach out after the values that have real and abiding worth and lay hold on those. It is a training in that progressive adjustment which successful living demands: adjustment to the facts of life, adjustment between the dissentious elements within the self, adjustment of mind and spirit to the great mystery of existence.

Warren Rackford discovered that to be so when he spent months in a hospital bed and was not expected to recover.

He undoubtedly needed medical attention. But his greater need was for something more fundamental than any medical skill could give. It was the need for inward adjustment.

He had been overwhelmed by a devastating grief which had nearly taken away his will to live. For years other afflictions had piled up on him, one after another. Life was too hard. His spirit was almost ready to give up the struggle.

What did he need? Hospital care and medical attention? Yes. But what he needed more fundamentally was to be *willing* to find life hard, *willing* to suffer, *willing* to struggle. He needed to learn how to accept disappointment and grief. He needed to learn how to live with his memories: memories of his failures, of his angers, of his betrayal of love, of his follies, of his hardness of disposition, of his egoism; memories of qualities and ways and acts for which he hated himself. He was at odds with experience. But, more seriously, he was at odds with himself. Life had brought him frustration and led him where he had not thought to be. But his greater dissatisfaction was with himself — with what he was; with what he wasn't but was longing to be. He was out of adjustment inwardly.

Warren Rackford, if he was to pull up from his sickness and get back into life, had to find a way of living with himself in some sort of harmonious and constructive agreement. He would of course have to live with the world at large; but first of all and continuously he would have to live with himself. He would have to deal every day with his disposition, his faults, his harassing inward conflict between self-love and self-hate, his intellectual limitations, his physical frailties and handicaps; he would have to deal with the need for groping his way in the most appalling darkness of all — spiritual darkness — to see if perchance there might be light, somewhere, on the mystery of existence and a way of entering into convincing and sustaining relations with an infinite and eternal spiritual source of all things. His inner state was a brabblement. Even if he were to get back to life physically, he could have only a shat-

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tered and unsatisfying existence unless this deeper sickness of the soul were healed.

III

If you have a tangled skein, what can you do to resolve the tangle? You can go at the problem furiously, pull the threads this way and that, fume and fret, wear yourself out nervously, and at the end have in your hands a worse tangle than you had at the beginning. Or you can work patiently, strand by strand, slowly getting this one free, loosening that knot, quietly undoing one complication after another, until at last you have a clear thread all ready for rewinding.

On a day when you are in a particular hurry, you find yourself caught in a struggling, confused crowd which continuously baffles your efforts to get through. What then? You can resolve that you *will* get through somehow and then worm yourself into the hurly-burly first in this direction and then in that, until you are frantic with nervous irritation and agitation. Or you can turn back, make your way to a side street, and so, after a circuit, reach the place where you wanted to be by a little longer route perhaps but with body and mind in a state of poise.

Here is a man who wants to be a writer but who has no ideas that have value and no power of expressing such ideas even if he had them and no background that puts him in the way of getting ideas of importance. He never had either the initial impulse on the one hand or the education on the other which might have led him to real maturity of mind. Such a person can follow his will-o'-the-wisp with grim determination, like the man William James mentions in one of his letters who gave up a good machinist's job and settled down to write and then had to be kept alive by the charity of benevolent people who took pity on him. Or he can study his real aptitudes, pick out a substitute ambition, and make himself of genuine value to the world in some real way. He can decide that, in as much as he cannot write successfully, he will run a lathe successfully or be a restaurant dishwasher successfully, if there is nothing else that he can find to do. And in his more reasonable ambition he can find happiness and health.

Each of us has his own particular problems connected with his ambitions, his ingenerate abilities, his opportunities, the duties he is bound by, the frailties of his body, the hungers of his heart, the needs of his soul. What then? We can go at our tangled problems with fury and use up our energy in unreasoning and frantic effort. That is what many do. Or we can let ourselves stand helplessly before the obstacles that life has imposed and make no effort to find a solution. Some do that. Or we can adjust our minds and souls to the conditions that have to be dealt with, make surrenders and sacrifices when they are called for and all the effort of which we are capable when that is demanded. By means of this inward adjustment we can build up in ourselves healthy minds and spirits and perhaps also healthy bodies and attain, if not happiness in the lively sense of the word, at any rate a quiet and sustaining joy which is more to be desired than happiness.

IV

Not all people can live at an equally high tension. When your tension has reached the breaking point (the breaking point for your particular physical and mental constitution), it is likely, unless you have learned how to reduce it voluntarily, to try to reduce itself in ways that may produce exceedingly unpleasant results. A pain or a temper or, as Pierre Janet points out, a vertigo and even an epileptic seizure may be the physical expression of the effort of your organism to relax a tension that has become too great. So, probably, may be an attack of vomiting or a trembling of the hands or various other maladies. A great deal more health and happiness could be secured by a multitude of people if they would learn to watch their tensions and to reduce them voluntarily before the involuntary relaxation which nature will otherwise exact has a chance to assert itself.

That calls for courageous dealing with oneself every day. But this is nothing new. Always and everywhere the successful living of life calls for courage. Sometimes it is the courage of action that is called for. Sometimes it is the courage of refusing to act. Sometimes it is the courage of determinedly reducing the tension of life, sometimes the courage of increasing the tension. Courage that is experienced as a quiet and sustaining power in the midst of all the turbulence of harsh experience is priceless.

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Here is a portion of a letter written by a lonely girl who was cultivating courage and found quite unexpectedly that joy can be its fruit. The letter was written at the close of Thanksgiving Day, and the reference in the first paragraph is to some people who meet to receive group psychotherapy.

> This is all rather simple, but it shows how the classes help to overcome self-pity, misery enjoyment, or the morbid introspection it is so easy to form a habit of indulging in.
>
> Thanksgiving and Christmas are my two hardest days because of the contrast between "now" and "then." Due to a sudden change in the plans of the people with whom I had arranged to spend the day, I was left alone for this Thanksgiving. So as the class teaches, I decided to take it as a challenge to see how good I could be at Thought Control.
>
> The first thing in the morning I was aroused from sleep by my neighbor's cat coming in through the window to claw up a rug. I promptly threw a pillow at poor "Tinkle Bell." However, I changed my anger into angelity by getting up and sharing my breakfast with the cat who more than repaid me by her joy at so much attention. Next I cleaned house and as I worked resolved to put into practice the lecture in which you brought out the fact that as long as we keep unhappy thoughts from entering our mind we will prevent the flood of sensation that follows. It would have been easier for me to have thought—"Ten years ago today — or eight years ago today — such and such a thing happened," and then I could have wept a couple of buckets of nice salty tears. Instead I thought—"How nice of the bulbs I planted to bloom today when I'm here to watch them." I planned some Christmas presents — and thought up an answer for the people who ask, "How can you live alone?" It's this — "To have a room full of one's own things covered with a soft light, and viewed with a contented mind is as pleasant company as I have ever been in."
>
> Well, I was afraid I might weep when I went out to eat alone, so I turned fear into forethought by putting Mascara on my eye lashes — then I just couldn't cry for if I did I'd get two black eyes! The things that really helped though were to relax my body and to think about the other people. After dinner I turned sorrow into sympathy by writing to friends who are in the hospital and much worse off than I.
>
> There really isn't anything big to write about. The point is the day has been a success. I haven't wept and I have really had a good time keeping my chin up.

That young woman adjusted herself to herself. She adjusted her lower nature, with its weakness, to her better nature, with its courage. By casting off self-pity she made room for other and more edifying emotions and invited them to come in. By practicing courage she found joy.

The devilishness of self-pity is that it leaves scant place for any other thought or emotion — not happiness nor courage nor self-command nor love nor gratefulness nor justice nor sympathy nor humanity nor inward peace. When Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley conceived of Frankenstein, it was on the basis of a consuming and desolating self-pity that she built the creature and showed at last, before the tragic tale came to its end, how self-pity so masters the one who gives it place that he comes at last to feel no pity for any other creature on earth. Self-pity is perhaps the most disintegrating of all emotions.

V

PETTINESS ALSO must be renounced: pettiness of interest, pettiness of thought, pettiness of feeling; overmuch attention to every sensation of the body and every little trouble that comes into one's life. If you would live with strength and courage, in happiness and in a manner that makes for the building up of health, you must have large interests to live for; and if you haven't got them already you must hunt them up. You must learn to look on your daily task in a big way. Though in itself it may be small and lowly, it becomes charged with meaning if you learn to see it as a means of helping the world to move forward in some way.

Thirty years ago a woman was told by a doctor if she wished to live at all she must live quietly and cautiously.

She proceeded to do so. She substituted pettiness for importance for thirty years. She professed to love reading; but it took her six months, reading five minutes a day, to get through a book she considered vital, and she couldn't bear listening to anyone reading aloud. She gave up all the activities and most of the interests of life. She would try the friendliness of the living room after supper, and a few minutes of the family conversation tired her so much that she would withdraw and isolate herself in her own room upstairs. Because she had been told that she had heart disease and would never get over her symptoms, she lived this half-life for thirty years.

It was not until she was over sixty that at last she came in contact with a doctor who was wise in matters of the mind and spirit, that she learned to conquer her fears and dare to go ahead in a more wholesome way of life. And she had no heart disease after all! Thirty years of losing her life by saving it!

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VI

HERE ARE SOME PORTIONS of a letter from another young woman who is struggling gallantly to make new adjustment both to life as circumstances have brought it to her and to herself inwardly. "Really being the sort of person it's comfortable to live with is a pretty hard job I'm beginning to believe," was one of her sentences. "Self-pity is a very destructive factor and I believe we often are unaware of it," was another.

She had blamed the circumstances of life for the physical and mental distresses into which she had fallen, instead of laying the blame on her own faulty reaction to the challenge of circumstances: the circumstance of a drinking husband, with poverty as a result, and the necessity of leaving her darling baby with relations while she went to another State to earn her living at housework. She had reached a point where she feared that she was losing her mind. "*Am* I crazy?" she had asked pitifully at the interview with the psychotherapist.

By the time the letter was penned, she had found her way to a course of training which would lead her into the nursing work that she most wanted to do but she had not yet gained complete control of her emotional reactions; for once more she was having unpleasant physical symptoms. "I can't shirk," she wrote, "and can't help wanting to learn so much that I get over-ambitious, and it's not a good idea in a long race to run your course too rapidly I guess."

Even under the new and happier conditions the young woman was blaming actions of the body, for her feeling of exhaustion, instead of actions of the mind, thinking that it was too much ambition at her work that was hurting her instead of her still unadjusted and perturbed state of mind. Nevertheless the letter showed that she was beginning, at any rate, to think the kind of thoughts she had to think and to make the adjustments she had to make if she were to come to health and happiness.

Life is always a struggle. If you have some bodily frailty or handicap, you are not unlike multitudes of other people. If you have to deal with the buffetings of life in other ways — the disappointments, frustrations, sorrows, heartaches that can be more subtly disastrous in their effect than physical disorders — you are no different from the rest of the world. In either case, if the conditions can be changed for the better, it is right to try to change them. But, if they cannot be changed, you can learn to live with them, and to live in such wise that you bring your life to success inwardly.

There are two chief ways of helping people up out of the breakdowns that overtake them. One is treating them physically; and there is no doubt about the importance of that. The other is by showing them how to make such adjustments inwardly that they shall learn to face the hard necessities of experience with a new willingness, a new courage, a new confidence in their power to bring their lives out to a successful issue: meaning by *successful issue* not fame and not outward fortune necessarily but value as a personality, as a soul.

If you wish to achieve success with yourself, what must you do?

You must think of life as a process of education.

You must make it your business to learn the lessons that life would teach: lessons as to real values, as to the essential meaning of life.

You must keep making over your pattern of life, modifying and readjusting your patterns of thought and emotion, over and over, all the while, as long as life lasts.

You must be patient with yourself and lead yourself forward graciously even while relentlessly.

You must pick yourself up sturdily after every fall, press forward lustily after every setback, and never run up the flag of the spirit's surrender.

You must aim high: aim to grow into the very best and most of which you are capable.

You must get your feelings under control, and not (in Plato's famous figure) permit the black horse of emotion to take the bit away from the white horse of reason and run away with the chariot of self.

You must correct your course continually.

You must seek for a firm ground on which to run your chariot of self. You may call it a philosophy of life or you may call it a religion, but there must be something solid on which you can find support as you speed your forward way. The greatest and most assuring support, the firmest ground for the greatest number of people in all ages, has been the thought of God and the cultivation of intimacy with God.

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Munich: Two British Views*

I — The Great Betrayal

by **WICKHAM STEED**

THE PEOPLE of Great Britain have been and are passing through (or passing into) one of the gravest crises in their history. The prospect that opens before them is grim, grimmer than they yet understand. Those who have foreseen it and foretold it, if certain things were done and other things were not done in time, can feel no satisfaction. Only mean persons can rejoice when they find themselves able to say with truth: "I told you so."

The British Government, with the emotional assent of the House of Commons and of multitudes of people, have been the accomplices, though perhaps not the leaders, in a great betrayal of human freedom, democratic principle, and, it may well be feared, national safety. A feeling of deep humiliation is already widespread. The debates in both houses of Parliament, after the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia by the Munich agreement between Herr Adolf Hitler, Signor Benito Mussolini, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and M. Edouard Daladier, bear witness to this feeling. I think it will deepen and gather strength as events bring home to our people a fuller sense of what has been unnecessarily lost — honor, dignity, and all save the avoidance of present conflict, which some still call "peace."

The other day I had a chance to test public feeling at first hand. Before the calamity had become irrevocable I was invited to address (ten days later) a great gathering in a large city of the Midlands. I went to address it on the morrow of the "thanksgiving" services ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the "preservation of peace" by the Munich agreement. A warning was given me that most of the thousands present would have attended those thanksgiving services and that I might be badly received if I criticized Mr. Neville Chamberlain's action. I resolved to test the feelings of my audience from the outset.

I said that one of the principles which had come to govern the religious and, to some extent, the public life of England was the principle of toleration, of agreeing to differ on views and convictions honestly held. I invoked this principle in my own favor and went on to say that, while my conception of Christianity might be unorthodox, I had held aloof from all thanksgiving services because I could not feel it a Christian duty to render thanks to the Almighty for sufferings which we had helped to inflict on others weaker than ourselves.

Something like a groan of despair came from the audience at these words. And as I unfolded the story of Czechoslovakia, of the crisis, of the part which the British Government had played in it, and of its probable effects on ourselves I became persuaded that, were I to ask that gathering for a resolution of censure on British policy it would have been voted by an overwhelming majority.

II

IF THERE BE TIME for reflection in the troubled days that lie ahead, we may find, in retrospect, that the apparently headlong course of things between Black Sunday, September 18, and the blacker Munich agreement of

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September 29 was but the fulfillment of plans long made and of tendencies that were revealed months if not years ago.

Nay, more. Was not Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the British Secretary of State for War, reported — without convincing denial — to have told American journalists last spring that British policy would be to "let Hitler eat his bellyful of Europe" and to stop him only if he went beyond Europe? Was not Mr. Neville Chamberlain reported to have said at a luncheon to which American journalists had been invited on May 10 that the frontiers of Czechoslovakia could not be maintained?

If this or anything like this was actually said, what view are we to take of the "mediation" which Lord Runciman was presently dispatched to offer to Czechoslovakia? Even the "four-power pact" of Munich was but a revival of the proposals Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon brought back with them from Rome in March, 1933. Their natural offspring was the anti-Comintern pact, between Germany, Italy, and Japan, to which the Munich four-power agreement is a kind of corollary.

Viewed in retrospect, British policy or impolicy since the end of 1931 appears one of persistent defeatism at the expense of postwar Europe, the League of Nations, democratic principle, and, even, as the sequel may show, British security. For it there is only one adequate explanation — an insensate fear of Russian Bolshevism, with its threat to private property.

When our people awake to the full truth they will open their eyes to the grimmest prospect that has faced them since Napoleon triumphed at Austerlitz. Then, I trust, they will face it with a resolution no less grim than that which they showed between 1806 and 1815.

II — Toward International Amity

by CECIL HARMSWORTH

JUST TWO MONTHS ago we in these islands were confronted with a crisis not less formidable than that which ended in the World War of 1914–18.

We seemed to be — we were, in fact — on the edge of hostilities with two of the most powerful military states in the world. In London we were busy with belated preparations against attacks by air — fitting ourselves and our families with gas masks, arranging gas-proof rooms, laying in emergency stores, digging trenches in Hyde Park and other London parks. Similar activities were proceeding in all the towns, big and small — and even in the villages — of Great Britain. Then of a sudden the crisis passed. Talks of our Prime Minister in Germany with Reichsführer Hitler and later with Premier Daladier and Premier Mussolini culminated in the agreement of Munich. And, in all countries involved, men and women thanked God and breathed freely again.

What was it all about?

I looked back with bewilderment on those days. What concern of ours was the problem of the Sudetendeutsch minority in Czechoslovakia? What had we to do with it? Such

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practical interest as we had in it derived only from our alliance with France and her commitments to the Czechs. At the beginning of the trouble most of my fellow countrymen knew nothing of Czechoslovakia: nothing about her history before or after her creation as an independent state, nothing about her treatment of her minorities or about her geographical relation to her neighbors. They had no idea — and most of them have no idea now — why anybody should expect them to interfere in any way in her affairs.

I myself regard Mr. Chamberlain's swift and courageous action at the height of the crisis as the most important and most beneficent stroke by British statesmanship of my time. Any faltering on his part, any lack of clear thinking or imagination, any disposition to take perilous risks might, almost certainly would, have resulted in disaster of immeasurable gravity.

There is a section of opinion in this country (and outside of it, I believe) that doesn't agree with this opinion, and it ranks among its numbers some highly respected names. If I don't misunderstand them, their contention is that Mr. Chamberlain ought to have "called the bluff" of the dictators, and they seem to hold that with the might of Great Britain and France at his back he could have done so successfully.

I have seen nothing to persuade me that there was in fact any element of bluff in the attitude of Germany. It is not Adolf Hitler's way. And suppose calling the "bluff" had failed? Who can doubt that the outcome would have been the loss of millions of human lives, the laying waste, as in Spain, of great cities, and, incidentally, the disappearance of Czechoslovakia from the map of Europe? We have escaped war for the time being at least. I don't see why peace shouldn't be indefinitely maintained.

II

THERE IS one consideration that has received very little attention in the whirl of words that has enveloped the recent dispute. I mean the friendliness that subsists between the people of these islands and the peoples of Germany and Italy. Of this good will there is abundant evidence. No British tourist of my acquaintance has returned this past season from holiday making among the Germans and Italians who hasn't testified to the spontaneous kindness and unaffected good nature of his treatment on all hands.

I haven't been for some years in Italy, and my experience of Germany is not more recent than the summer of 1937, when I spent the month of July in Baden-Baden, where I found myself as much at ease as if I had been a visitor to a resort in England. Not less amiable have been the relations between our own people and the German and Italian tourists and dwellers in our misdt. One might have expected to hear of unfriendly "incidents," but none has been recorded.

On this factor of good will between the peoples I found my best hopes for European peace. It should prove, indeed, the decisive factor. Is it not almost inconceivable that in this age civilized nations should be brought to murderous hostilities against one another while all the time ardently desirous of nothing else but friendship and peace? By this time, if war hadn't been obviated, I might have been writing in my gasproof chamber in ruined London.

My theme, then, is that undoubted good will animates the peoples chiefly concerned in the recent dispute. I wish to stick to this one single point of view and not be diverted into any of the many bypaths of controversy. Whatever the faults of our British foreign policy, we have now an opportunity to retrieve them on the basis of Mr. Chamberlain's achievements at Munich. He is the man to build up on that achievement the foundations of enduring peace in western Europe. He is fortunate in his deficiency in the arts of "diplomacy." His singleness of purpose and his directness of speech have made a profound impression on Europe and on the world outside. I envisage peace under his auspices that will resolve on terms of amity our outstanding difficulties with Germany and Italy without impairing in any respect our closer association with France.

In an early issue:

Raymond Clapper and J. George Frederick debate on:

"Ghost Writing — Fraud or Public Service?"

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The Forum Quiz

This quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. A good score, counting 2½ points for each one right, is 65 (answers on page IX of advertising section).

1. *Everyone has read Stephen Leacock's delightful humor, but did you know that he was:*
   (a) the discoverer of Benny Goodman
   (b) professor emeritus of economics at McGill
   (c) coiner of the phrase, "It may be wrong, but it's British."

2. *Can you identify the following verse —*

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

   (a) "I have a Rendezvous with Death," by Alan Seeger
   (b) "Oh Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee"
   (c) "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville
   (d) "Sea Fever," by John Masefield

3. *There are so many of them today that you ought to know that "schism" is pronounced:*
   (a) skizm *(b) sizm* *(c) hair pulling*

4. *The Rose Bowl football game is played each year between:*
   (a) Southern California and any team she selects
   (b) Eastern and Western all-star teams
   (c) any selected Coast team and opponent

5. *Yes, Pearl Buck won the latest Nobel prize for literature, but do you remember the previous American winners:*
   (a) Theodore Dreiser and Thomas Wolfe
   (b) Maxwell Anderson and Upton Sinclair
   (c) Eugene O'Neill and Sinclair Lewis

6. *The total population of the U. S. (not all of whom like Shirely Temple, fortunately) has lately been estimated at:*
   (a) 115,000,000 *(b) 130,000,000* *(c) 145,000,000*

7. *Golfers don't get many of them, but they know an eagle is:*
   (a) one stroke under par *(b) two under par* *(c) par*

8. *College presidents are more concerned these days about one of these situations than about the others:*
   (a) paid athletes are demanding professorial rank
   (b) high taxes have nipped private gifts
   (c) deans are playing too much politics
   (d) dormitory prune consumption is on the wane

9. *American defense plans, since the Munich melon cutting, are giving considerable attention to:*
   (a) Japan's fortifications in the north Pacific
   (b) a possible Nazi drive on South America
   (c) air defense of New York and Washington

10. *One fact established by our November elections is:*
    (a) the two-party system is here to stay
    (b) the New Deal is stronger than in 1936

11. *Even a husband who prefers his club to his home ought to know that the woods most used in modern furniture are:*
    (a) blonde *(b) brunette* *(c) Aryan*

12. *If there is any one thing you can say about Ferdinand the Bull, it is that:*
    (a) he was a paid propagandist for the Reds
    (b) he loved to sit and smell flowers
    (c) he regretted he wasn't an Irish bull

13. *When the King and Queen of England visit America next summer, their main objective will be to:*
    (a) visit the quintuplets in Ontario
    (b) enable George to study Franklin's stamps
    (c) strengthen British-Canadian relations
    (d) open the New York World's Fair

14. *A famed, persistent advocate of birth control in this country is a woman named:*
    (a) Carrie Chapman Catt *(b) Marie Stopes*
    (c) Margaret Sanger *(d) Lucy Stone*

15. *Serious students are greatly concerned these days over the ultraconservatism which will undoubtedly come over our political economy as a result of:*
    (a) the increasing number of elderly people
    (b) reading the "Saturday Evening Post" every week
    (c) reactionary teachings in our schools

16. *A nickel costs fifteen cents in all of them, but people still insist on patronizing New York's three best known swanky night clubs:*
    (a) the Onyx, Paradise, and Casa Manana
    (b) the Cotton Club, El Rio, and La Conga
    (c) the Stork, Twenty-One, and El Morocco

17. *Which of these able American architects delights most to dumbfound his audiences:*
    (a) Frank Lloyd Wright *(b) Ralph Adams Cram*
    (c) J. André Fouilhoux

18. *Did you know that the science of speleology dealt with:*
    (a) caves, abysses, and underground rivers
    (b) the correct spelling of words
    (c) combative rodents, such as the mongoose
    (d) the love life of the Ph.D.

19. *The able editors of the "Reader's Digest" are a man and wife named:*
    (a) Bruce and Beatrice Gould
    (b) DeWitt and Lila Bell Wallace
    (c) Sinclair and Dorothy (Thompson) Lewis

20. *The most publicized, the No. 1, deb of the Manhattan season is (do we bore you?) a dark-eyed young lady named:*
    (a) Brenda Frazier *(b) Cecile Dionne*
    (c) Cobina Wright *(d) Wendy Iglehart*

21. *Recently Japan told the United States — in very polite language — that:*
    (a) Americans in Korea will be heavily taxed
    (b) the open door in China has been slammed shut
    (c) Japan intends to fish the entire Pacific

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22. *Next to those on rearmament and relief, perhaps the most significant investigation now in progress in Washington is concerned with:*
(a) *monopoly* (b) *lynching*
(c) *A.F.L. vs. C.I.O.* (d) *nepotism*

23. *The tall, dark-haired composer of "The Firebird" is:*
(a) *Igor Sikorsky* (b) *Jan Paderewski*
(c) *Alexander de Seversky* (d) *Igor Stravinski*

24. *"Man's Hope," a current novel by André Malraux, is highly dramatic in the way it deals with:*
(a) *the war in China* (b) *Indo-Chinese harlots*
(c) *the Kuomintang* (d) *the war in Spain*

25. *If someone were to ask you what film actress notably does not hesitate to portray spitfires, women of the streets, or moody heroines, you would correctly answer:*
(a) *Claudette Colbert* (b) *Bette Davis*
(c) *Joan Crawford* (d) *Myrna Loy*

26. *If we told you he heads a university, is thirty-nine, very tart of tongue, and himself the son of a college president, you'd know we were talking about:*
(a) *Karl T. Compton* (b) *Robert M. Hutchins*
(c) *James B. Conant* (d) *Charles Seymour*

27. *If an individual asks you, "How about a tort?" you may logically reply:*
(a) *"Yes, I'll take strawberry."*
(b) *"Well, you're my lawyer."*
(c) *"Just the thing to hold this chemical."*

28. *An appropriate way to make conversation with William McFee would be to start by saying:*
(a) *"Well, blow me down, mates."*
(b) *"What'll that man Hitler do next?"*
(c) *"Frankly, your sculptures annoy me."*
(d) *"Small world, isn't it?"*

29. *Which of these combinations, plus bitters, makes a Manhattan cocktail:*
(a) *gin and French vermouth* (b) *rum and Coco Cola*
(c) *rye and Italian vermouth* (d) *gin and Scotch*

30. *Probably you don't drink it but maybe you know that absinthe derives its peculiar flavor from:*
(a) *honey* (b) *wormwood* (c) *maidens' tears*

31. *Reputable psychologists and psychiatrists are particularly concerned of late because:*
(a) *Freud threatens to come to America*
(b) *the number of paranoiacs is rapidly increasing*
(c) *quack "mentalists" are gypping many people*

32. *What author created the character of Uncle Toby:*
(a) *Henry Fielding* (b) *Lawrence Sterne*
(c) *Daniel Defoe* (d) *Jonathan Swift*

33. *That best seller, "The Citadel," deals with a subject which threatens to rival the Civil War in popularity among authors these days:*
(a) *law* (b) *teaching* (c) *the ministry* (d) *medicine*

34. *Of course the apt title of Hitler's autobiography remains:*
(a) *"I'm a Stranger Here Myself* (b) *"Me und Gott"*
(c) *"My Battle"* (d) *"Black Is My True Love's Hair"*

35. *P. G. Wodehouse's latest masterpiece (?) is called:*
(a) *"Up in Bertie's Room"*
(b) *"The Code of the Woosters"*
(c) *"Tonight at Eight-thirty"*
(d) *"Thank You, Jeeves"*

36. *When a scenarist comes to confer with a Hollywood producer about a script, the latter (so they say) will remark:*
(a) *"Don't make me read it;* tell *it to me."*
(b) *"Remember, Murphy, money isn't everything."*
(c) *"Why, it isn't even colossal."*

37. *The second line of the poem beginning, "Once, upon a midnight dreary," is:*
(a) *In a somber room, and eerie*
(b) *In a castle capped with snow*
(c) *While I pondered weak and weary*
(d) *In the vanished long ago*

38. *Most students of law and sociology would agree that:*
(a) *our divorce laws should be made more stringent*
(b) *our divorce laws should be made more uniform*

39. *Your English host suddenly shouts, "Yoicks!" Any well-informed person would know he wants:*
(a) *to urge on the hounds* (b) *more whiskey*
(c) *to mark the end of the cricket match*

40. *If a sports reporter writes, "The Buckeye pigskin gladiators scalped the game but outmanned Windy City warriors in a hard-fought gridiron battle before 20,000 thrilled and chilled fans," he is being:*
(a) *trite* (b) *inaccurate* (c) *screwy* (d) *dull*

Wanted: Armchair Editors for the Forum Quiz Contest

For the best letter telling why you like the Forum Quiz, don't like the Quiz, why taking it is a pleasure or a pain in the neck, what you think could be done to make it more baffling, entertaining, or informative — the Editors will award numerous prizes. They are alert for suggestions, new ideas. For the details turn to page IX in the advertising section.

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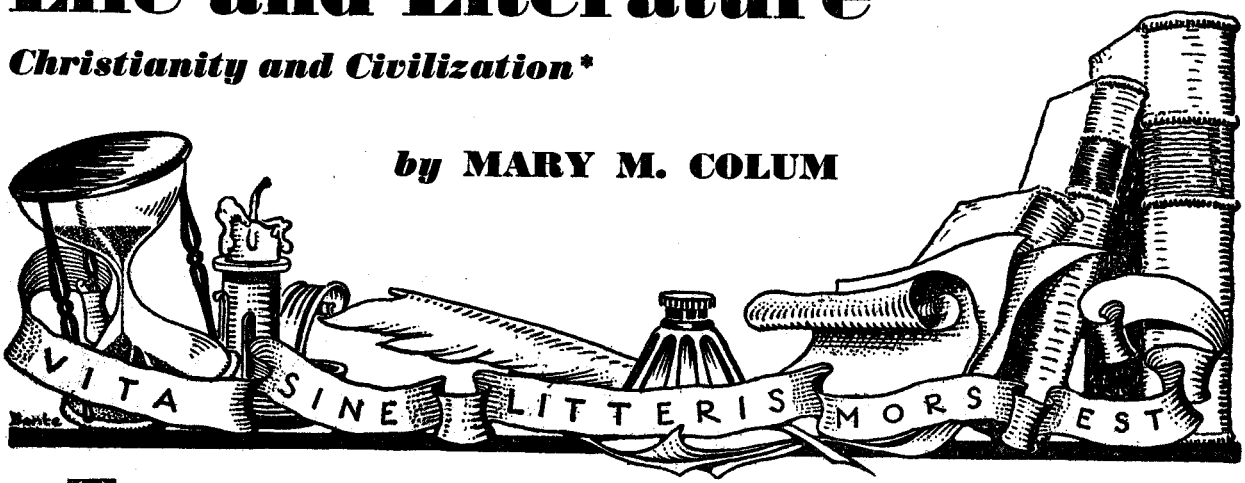
Life and Literature

*Christianity and Civilization**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

THERE ARE in every literature, even in a new literature like the American, some men of letters whose personality and mentality are a gauge of the character of their nation as a whole — not to all the complexities of that character, perhaps, but to certain essentials of it. Through Dickens, for example, one can grasp a great many of the essentials, the constants, of the English character; through Whitman on one side and Emerson on another, one can grasp a great deal of the American character. But, in comprehending a writer like Chateaubriand, not only would a great deal of the French character be manifest to us, but we should have a grasp of the age in which he lived and of the aristocratic European type he represented.

One may, however, be permitted to doubt if André Maurois is the proper biographer for such a man or such a career. As an accomplished professional writer of biography, Maurois can always be interesting on any person he tackles; he can be depended on to write an absorbing narrative. Nevertheless, I own to a prejudice against the type of biography to which he is addicted. It will be remembered that he gave us a life of Shelley in which everything that would go well in fiction was emphasized and all consideration of Shelley's poetry omitted. The result was a cross between that French invention, the romanced biography, and the American "debunked" biography.

It must not be supposed that the term *romanced biography* means that any part of such a work is fiction: it means simply that those episodes of the subject's life which are romantic, dramatic, melodramatic are staged and made theatrical. And, by featuring little foibles, by leaning heavily on little vanities, by injecting the odd jealousies that biographers sometimes feel about their subjects, a sort of caricature emerges with an undoubted resemblance to the real man and yet with the real man partly displaced.

The reasons André Maurois gives for taking Chateaubriand for the subject of his latest work are such as should arouse the reader's interest: his admiration for the writer, his desire to compare the French and the English romantics, "to find in Chateaubriand the original of which Byron was so often a copy"; then his interest in this man whose history was bound up with the Revolution, the Empire, the Restoration, the July Monarchy — one who, in addition, knew the *ancien régime* (readers of Chateaubriand will recall that he was one of the young noblemen received at Versailles and that he went with Louis XVI on one of his famous hunts). M. Maurois gives other reasons for his interest in Chateaubriand: He was a traveler, a soldier, a novelist, an ambassador; he was loved by many women, including Madame Recamier, "the most beautiful and sphinx-like woman of her age."

The culmination of M. Maurois's studies makes absorbing enough reading, and the reader will be well rewarded by a perusal of the book; nevertheless the total result is something very different from an authentic biography of

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* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs Colum in this article are:* Chateaubriand, *by André Maurois* (*Harper, $3.50*); Variety: Second Series, *by Paul Valéry, translated by William Aspenwall Bradley* (*Harcourt, Brace, $2.50*); Heroes of Thought, *by John Middleton Murry* (*Messner, $3.75*); Building the British Empire, *by James Truslow Adams* (*Scribner, $3.50*); The Decline and Fall of the British Empire, *by Robert Briffault* (*Simon & Schuster, $2.00*).

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Chateaubriand, though we are given an interesting account of the historical events in which he figured.

Chateaubriand and His Times

Chateaubriand is a difficult man to understand, difficult for anyone in our age and very difficult for one as up-to-date and metropolitan as André Maurois. The most characteristic things about him were that he was an aristocrat, a Celt, and a Catholic — and all these three very fundamentally. As to his political complexities, so bewildering to M. Maurois at times, the key to them is in his own revealing declaration: "I am a Bourbon as a matter of honor, a Royalist according to reason and conviction, and a Republican by taste and character." Nothing could be more straightforward. But M. Maurois has to say, "The man who had so longed to serve Bonaparte and the author of the dedication of the *Génie* could not have been a very ardent Royalist." He could very easily, for Chateaubriand had, as aristocrats are prone to have, a complicated system of fidelities founded on tradition; he was that not infrequent figure in an old aristocracy, a man so attached to liberty that he is inclined to join any movement that envisages more human freedom. We have the type in our own time, too. The figure most like Chateaubriand was not Byron but a man who died not so long ago, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, who was every one of the things that Chateaubriand was — diplomat, poet, traveler, adventurer, memoir writer, and crusader for freedom — and one who could repeat Chateaubriand's political creed.

A real interpretation of Chateaubriand and his age might have thrown a great deal of light on our own. His was a revolutionary and transitional age, an age in which, as in our own, large sections of populations had been brought up on ideas and principles which other sections wanted to wipe out. People had to accustom themselves to changes of power and new loyalties. There had been revolutions and wars and the guillotine, with the inevitable overthrow of discipline followed by the inevitable dictator. Napoleon's great service to France was similar to that of dictators of our day — he restored discipline, he organized government, and he gave people confidence. Did not Chateaubriand, in the beginning of the preface to his *Génie du Christianisme*, announce that he must in conscience unite his powers with "those of the strong man who has snatched us from the abyss"? There are writers and aristocrats who rally round the dictators of today with those very same words. For, if history never entirely repeats itself, ideas generally do, though with new ideas added onto them.

Chateaubriand's great book as well as his great service to his time was his *Génie du Christianisme*. This was one of those rare books that both reflects and influences the life of its time. In it he not only tried to explain the role of Christianity in civilization, the satisfactions it gives to human nature, the sentiments unknown to the ancient world it had awakened in the hearts of men; he devoted a section of it to interpretations of art and literature. In the first edition he managed to include his own romance, *René*, one of those works which in the dawn of the nineteenth century ushered in the new movement in literature which came to be known as the romantic movement.

It was no wonder that the *Génie* had a wide appeal and an instantaneous success. His enchanted readers could get religion, dogmas and doctrines out of one part; from another, the sort of literature their souls yearned for after the horrors of the Revolution; from a third, aesthetics; and a rhapsodic account of the beauties of churches, cathedrals, hymns, and prayers from a fourth. It appeared at an intellectual turning point, and we can easily see how, to quote Maurois, "it brought to a wavering epoch what it desired — aesthetic and sentimental arguments for returning to a religion after which it hankered."

Napoleon found the *Génie* of very great help, for he understood both the role of literature — he could write well himself — and the role of religion. That able ruler had decided it was high time to push the atheistic philosophers and the Voltairians into the background and to bring back religion to the state. M. Chateaubriand's construction was the very thing he needed for such propaganda, and both the author and the ruler were delighted with each other. The author on his part dedicated the second edition to Napoleon, and the ruler on his part made the author a member of the French Embassy in Rome. However, the good Bourbonist resigned from Napoleon's service when the Duc d'Enghien was shot.

It will be remembered that Chateaubriand

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made a voyage to America, ostensibly to discover the Northwest Passage but actually to get material for that epic he had in his mind to write, the epic of the man of nature in juxtaposition with the man of civilization. *Atala*, in which the Indian, Chactas, relates to René the adventures and love of his life and *René*, in which René, exiled among the Natchez, relates to Chactas and a missionary the adventures of his life, the adventures of the man of civilization, were once glamorous books, two of the most glamorous of the whole romantic movement. Their glamour has dimmed, and it would be hard for Americans to take the narrative seriously, but the style remains still beautiful, and the contents have the beauty and nobility of everything Chateaubriand penned.

Where M. Maurois is fine in his *Chateaubriand* is in the narrative: he is a good narrator, and his accounts of the relations of Chateaubriand with women — a very important part of his life — are dramatic, romantic, and engrossing. Like so many biographers, Maurois is weak on the literary productions of his hero.

Then the part dealing with the complicated historical events through which Chateaubriand moved is not sufficiently clarified for the reader; he gets the facts down and does his best with them but he leaves us bewildered. Only a historian can write history clearly, and M. Maurois is no more a historian than is the average man of letters.

Still, in spite of everything that can be said against it — and I think I have said practically everything that can be said along that line — André Maurois' *Chateaubriand* is a readable, informing, and entertaining biography.

A Characteristic Contemporary

It was Chateaubriand's claim that the whole European mind and its products derived from Christianity. But the present-day French poet and philosopher, Paul Valéry, has always claimed that what is called the European spirit (in which would be included the American) results from the combined relations of Greece, Rome, and Christianity.

Valéry is himself the exact opposite of Chateaubriand: the romantic tradition wearies him, and, while paying due respect to Christianity as a cultural force, he is a skeptic, knowing nothing of a transcendental God or a revealed religion.

On the other hand he takes no stock in the popular beliefs of the rationalist-minded man of today. He has no faith, for instance, that, through leisure and material plentifulness created by the efficient use of natural energies, man can make himself more conscious, more liberated. Indeed he thinks of the modern obsession with the effective use of natural energies as dangerous to the spirit of man.

And what is this spirit?

For Valéry it is no metaphysical force or entity: it is merely the power of transformation. But this power is an activity different in kind from the known natural energies that we are making such stupendous use of. Spirit, the transforming power, triumphs by combining these natural energies or opposing them.

An easily understandable example of the functioning of spirit is in artistic creation — it is in science, too, and in the intellectual processes that lead to invention. He instances the poet or the musician —

> when they transform their affections, and even their sadness and distress, into poems, into musical compositions, into means of preserving and directly diffusing their whole emotional life by means of technical artifices.

Today the work of the spirit is being hampered as it was never hampered before — by the use of natural energies, through speed, through noise, through the endless variety of toys that are offered us, through the lack of leisureliness of mind as a result of constant strain, through the depersonalizing of men that comes from great mechanical organizations. Paul Valéry's idea of the spirit, at least as it shows itself in artistic creation, corresponds to the Freudian formula; indeed, in Valéry's thought one finds correspondences with the most significant phases of contemporary thought — Freud's, Bergson's, Mussolini's.

Though posterity may recognize him as being as much a characteristic product of our time as Chateaubriand was of his, Paul Valéry is, of all well-known, significant writers, probably the one who has fewest readers. His poetry is of the most difficult; it demands not only an exercise of thought and powerful imagination but a literary initiation such as few readers of our day have got. Moreover, in much of his work there is an ironic spirit which is often extremely baffling. Like Chateaubriand, he is a man of a transition period, a transition in

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which is being evolved a differentiation between literature as an art and the ordinary practice of writing and a departure in philosophy from systems towards individual insights. I consider the gap between him and the ordinary reader so great that Valéry cannot exercise that influence which a real poet and a real philosopher should be able to exercise. I am all for differentiating the art of literature from the common practice of writing, which is being more and more degraded by publicity writing, by the cinema, by radio. But a poem ought not to have need of the lengthy commentaries that so much of Valéry's poetry demands.

In this collection of essays, *Variety: Second Series*, the memorable essays are not the literary ones like those on Stendhal, on Villon, or on Baudelaire — the last, indeed, is platitudinous. When he puts amongst the important bearers of Baudelairian influence Swinburne and d'Annunzio, he not only overestimates the stature of these poets but he seems to be unaware that what they have drawn from Baudelaire is only on the erotic side. On the other hand, such an essay as "The Balance Sheet of the Intelligence" is a contribution to the literature of education and to the mental formation of any intelligent reader. When he states that he never hesitates "to declare the diploma to be the mortal enemy of culture," he is exaggerating on the right side. The diploma, the university degree, is in itself no evidence of culture, but the information that was entailed in gaining it may be an excellent handmaid of culture. What is valuable about the thought shown in the best of these essays is that it is distinctively that of the modern man, the man whose mind is really contemporary with the ideas of science, of philosophy, of history as these are handled by the specialists who have imitated them.

Christendom Reborn

Amongst the many contemporary writers who are advancing the restoration of Christianity as a vital influence on society is John Middleton Murry. "Our civilization," he notes, "is a Christian civilization in the sense that Christianity has been its motive force."

In a special foreword to the American readers of his *Heroes of Thought* he declares: "The future of humanity depends on the rebirth of the Christian Church, on the renewal of its religious aspiration, and the repentance for its historical treachery."

What was this historical treachery? Partly the division of the Christian religion into discordant groups and partly the fact that "the Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant, surrendered to the national states long ago — it says to them 'You shall control men's acts and I will keep their consciences.'" How could religion do other than slowly die after such a separation, Mr. Murry asks?

What Middleton Murry desires is a refounding of a universal Christendom on a proper understanding of the medieval church. We cannot understand the modern world, we cannot understand ourselves, he believes, unless we have some notion of the medieval world.

With this an American reader can only partly agree. It is impossible to understand Europe without a comprehension of the medieval world because modern Europe is an evolution of the medieval world; but, for a large part of the now inhabited globe, for all the Americas, there was no medieval world — only a tradition of it brought over from Europe.

In spite of the fact that we get now and again a distressing note of the spirit of a revivalist meeting from it, *Heroes of Thought* can be placed among those contemporary works which attempt to articulate a noble canon of democracy. A genuine literary critic, one of the few now living in an age of social criticism, Mr. Murry has always been a magnificent interpreter of imaginative literature, and what he writes about Chaucer, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Milton, Shelley, Goethe in this book reveals new areas for us.

To many of his readers, the most original and memorable essays in Mr. Murry's book will be those on Rousseau and Marx. Rousseau and Marx, both, were men who envisaged a classless society; both wrote books — Rousseau, *The Social Contract*, and Marx, *Capital* — which have been the bases of governments, books whose influence will continue for long.

Middleton Murry reminds us of the basic distinction that Rousseau made between the General Will and the Will of All, a distinction which ought to enter into the training of every statesman and every man in political office, a distinction, however, which it is difficult to reduce to a paragraph in an article. Rousseau, with a wonderful power of divination, per-

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ceived that in every society there is an enormous inertia (a Will of All) which makes for slackness, credulity, persecution. A government which merely expresses this Will of All, no matter what it calls itself, is no better than a tyranny. Opposed to it is the General Will, which has been trained, which has risen above inertia, which is the expression of the people's desire for good, and which is fitted to make and recognize laws. Sovereignty resides in the General Will alone and is its inalienable fruit.

Contrasting Marx and Rousseau, Middleton Murry has something to say which intellectuals who feel they have to take up one of the doctrines in vogue at the moment should ponder. It is that Marxism is incomprehensible to the simple man:

> Marxism is a difficult doctrine, and for its true understanding requires a mind habituated to work simultaneously on many different levels — on three, certainly — on the economic, the political, and the moral; and I am impelled to add a fourth, namely, the religious. It is folly to indulge the belief that the mind of the average man is capable of this.

Smoothing the Lion's Tail

At this moment when political and social ideas are being overhauled, when it is obvious we are in a transition period, one would expect from the new histories a break with old interpretations of historical events and development. But James Truslow Adams' *Building the British Empire* is a far more conventional book than the histories of our school days.

James Truslow Adams makes a mistake common to many Americans. When he meets some quality in England that is different from the American, he regards it as uniquely English, whereas in eighty cases out of a hundred it belongs to all European countries.

He speaks as if a passion for liberty were a peculiar English characteristic that has to be accounted for by a historian competent to trace its development through all sorts of stresses and conditions. English-speaking people are prone to think that they, somehow, invented the idea of liberty. Anybody who has lived a few years in France cannot help perceiving that the bent towards liberty is even more aggressively manifested in the ordinary French person than it is in the ordinary English, Irish, or American person. There is no such servile sense in France as there is in England of the sacredness of the upper classes. Any modern historian of an English-speaking democracy should be obliged to live on the continent of Europe for a term of years, so as to rid himself of the superstition about the uniqueness of free institutions in English-speaking countries.

However, *Building the British Empire* is a clear account of a great historic achievement, from the groping toward unity of the Saxon kingdoms to the end of the first British empire, which came with the independence of the American colonies. The book is not really a history — there is no deep research; there are no memorable characterizations; there is no sense of the tragic strain and tension that historical processes are bound to have; but very clearly and pleasantly the story is told of English achievement, not only political but economic and intellectual. Indeed, the devoted-country-cousin attitude with which James Truslow Adams surveys English achievement gives a sort of earnestness to his book that carries the reader along.

Twisting the Lion's Tail

Robert Briffault's *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire* might be recommended as supplementary reading to *Building the British Empire*.

We have been told that an indictment cannot be brought against a whole people, and we assent to the reasonableness of the dictum, but when anybody attempts it we agree that he shouldn't be halfhearted about it nor in any way weakly compromising. So there is this much to be said for Robert Briffault: he is wholehearted in his indictment of England and English civilization and he can be as withering on English astronomy and English cricket as on English imperial policy. But he is not as wrong-headed as one might expect the author of such an ill-tempered book to be.

For Robert Briffault, the burgher revolution that established the Commonwealth was the real revolution, and the one that is always referred to as the Glorious Revolution was not a revolution at all. One of the shrewd parts of his book is his debunking of the intrigue that put William III on the English throne, the "revolution" which was thought to have "fastened down solidly and forever the whole social-political system and structure of Eng-

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land as a comfortable dwelling-place for gentlemen."

The thesis of Briffault's book is that British imperial power, instead of having a long history behind it, is of very recent establishment; that it came into being through the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century; that the plunder of India financed England's industrial development and made England supreme in the world — but only for a century. It is worth while noting that this author who has devoted himself to the vast enterprise of exposing English trickery and evasiveness himself evades mentioning the geographical name of the socialist state which serves him as a standard for criticism of other powers.

As an example of the wholehearted way he has tackled the job of showing up the English, we quote the following characterization of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury:

> a typical Anglo-Catholic of the most modern type, more fantastically ritualistic than the Pope, as abundant in verbose theological foolery as a whole Oxford movement, as sadic in his spiritual convictions as a Spanish Inquisitor, as fiercely reactionary as Dean Inge, and as maniacal in his love of tyranny as a Fascist.

The Bones of the Buffalo

First prize, FORUM *poetry contest*

THE tawny mountain lion of the sun
Leaps from dark European range and sea
Over the rim of the world to American dawn,
Stalking the white-tailed deer of liberty.

Will you lie deep in secret valley, waiting
The vain terror when the live throat is torn,
And there remains from that brown and running body
Only the long hoof and the bony horn?

Over the Atlantic look and learn
A continent's sorrow, listen to its pain
Through the little ear of memory that brings
The battling noise of history to the brain.

There the mass mind, molded like a pure
Machine, has no self will but to obey
A party's yell, the bayonet's decree,
And men endure the brute, dictated day.

Here too that spirit, in the mocking form
Of a wild, native thing, struggles to gain
Control of free minds, thinking it can pull
A switch to light the incandescent brain.

For you are footloose, blown over the plains
Like tumbleweed, with no deep root's protection,
You drift with daily change of wind, lacking
The duck's autumnal wisdom of direction.

Think of bird flight, how even the tough hawk
And eagle need, when they climb up the bare
Edge of the wind, the wing's old ease of moving,
Freedom to bank and hover on the air.

Remember the buffalo whose complete power
Trampled a continent with day-long thunder.
That savage herd force lived stronger than you
Yet a few men could plow those great bones under.

Name now the hands huddled against your throat
To break your breathing in the hungry dark,
To pen the remnant of your liberty
With the last old buffalo in a public park.

Let others stare at that hypnotic sun,
Huge power-in-hate, until, longing for rest,
They look to the free light of America
And lean their tired eyes upon the west.

PAUL ENGLE

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Your Flaming Blood Is Smouldering in Our Veins

Second prize, FORUM *poetry contest*

OXEN and pony hoof and broken shoe,
These closed the open hand
Of a vast land,
Folded the free frontier
'Frisco to Boston. . . . And a continent
That was an epic, is an incident.
We wore our new world freedom then with power,
And at a jaunty angle, and how well
Democracy burned like a gorgeous flower
Stuck in our proud lapel.
But now for folk by problems grimly pressed
There is no West . . . no West and no free land.

A plow half buried in the shifting sand,
A silent factory crawling with gray fears,
Mayors in conference with racketeers, —
The fumes of chaos, since we would not see
The vultures of starvation staring out
Behind the peacocks of prosperity,
But always, with a patriotic cheer,
Dodged economics with a new frontier;
Whitewashed decay, and sought to stop the clock
With colored lithographs of Plymouth Rock.

The goon squad beats the workers down. Free speech
Is Hague-tied in broad daylight. Openly,
The law's defenders break the law. Unheard,
The mangled Negro cries a prophecy.

Chained to the rock again, Democracy,
Chained by inertia and hypocrisy,
Chained, through what ghastly joke,
Not by a tyrant, but by common folk.
By common folk whose comfort was not marred
When terror tapped, — just so it tapped next door,
When war spit death, — just so 'twas not *our* war.

Gaunt, ragged rebels, sweating pioneers,
Your flaming blood is smouldering in our veins,
Your sharp command is burning in our ears —
Strip freedom of her padded chains,
Strike from the gilded frame — and free Democracy!

KATHRYN PECK

Hail Ye America

Third prize, FORUM *poetry contest*

FOUND ye a nation to stand without halter,
Free of the bridle, the saddle, the rein.
Stride the wild ocean, hurdle the mountain,
Follow the sun through the stretch of the plain.
Plymouth to Florida, slant west to Oregon,
Scan the Pacific from Rocky's gray dome,
Compass and chart, where water squares water,
Hail ye America, this be your home!

Well have ye loved the soft slopes where the hillsides
Lean down to gild the live valleys with grain;
Loved the great mountains that sweep back to grandeur,
Flanking their heights for a watch on the plain.
High winds have tutored the pace of your turnstile,
Waters have tarried to bide at your mill, —
Ye have a heritage, crested with glory,
Hail ye the patriots' courage and skill!

Time yields a breath, and emerald hillocks
Mound the live footprints of dead pioneers.
Note ye their laurels, stepping the hillsides,
Greening a trail through the nation's hard years.
Circle ye now and sheaf ye the laurels,
Bind the live harvest with talons of steel,
There by the tractors men glean in the silence,
Seeking a spur of *old* faith and *new* zeal!

Prime ye a chorus and wake ye the silence,
Brace ye the beat over wavering breath
With hard repercussions of patriot drumming:
"Hold to your freedom or court ye your death!
What though the demagog preens for adoption —
Ye are the brood of the spread-eagle's wing,
Plumed by decree of democracy's charter,
Each man a sovereign, but no man a king!"

Gather, ye statesmen, from Plymouth to Oregon,
Spend ye no word with the politic knave!
Seal ye the charge ye are called to deliver,
Honor the birthright your forefathers gave!
Laud ye your freedom! Flame ye your courage!
Dike the wild oceans, gray-white with war-foam —
Bend to your chart, where water squares water,
Hail ye America, this be your home!

ELSIE TAYLOR DUTRIEUILLE

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Graduates from Damnation

by **ROY BEST**

I AM A PRISON official, and my father was a prison official before me. I have seen convicts come and go by the thousands and I have very few illusions. If I were a private employer, I should hire three out of ten of the men whom I have seen leave prison.

That statement will be attacked from two sources. The sentimentalists and the sob sisters will rise in their wrath to inquire about the fate of the other seven, and the hard-boiled industrialist will tell me to keep all of them and welcome.* From a position that is squarely in the middle, let us take a look at the convict.

I am a servant of my State. No one consults me about the making of the laws or about their enforcement. When I receive a man inside the gray walls, he is already a convict. Remember that! The prison does not make convicts; the police and the courts do that. When you charge the prison official with destroying men's souls, you are assuming that he is entrusted with fresh human material, material that he, in his wisdom or his stupidity, can make or mar. That simply is not true.

When a man enters prison for the first time, his human values are at a very low point. He has been through the panic and the fright of arrest, the ordeal of awaiting trial, the degradation of the lockup, and the stunning blow of conviction for crime. According to his nature, he is sullen, bitter, broken, tearful, defiant, or plain hopeless when he reaches us. The soul that so many people accuse us of wounding is already buried beneath a thick crust of scar tissue from past wounds. We do not receive a normal man from a clean outside world; we receive a convict out of the police mill.

I am not passing responsibility. I am stating cold facts for what they are worth. The police and the courts, if this were their brief, could as justly say that they do not receive fresh human material either, that arrest and conviction do not make a convict — that crime does.

They get their men out of the sordid stages of murder, robbery, and rape. Something happened to those men before they stepped into the crime spotlight. Maybe the hand of the potter slipped, and maybe the pressure of need or desire or environmental factors proved too strong for a man's moral heritage. Whatever the cause, the criminal personality was deeply marked before a police hand gripped the shoulder. At the end of the chain of incidents which began at that moment is the prison.

What Makes a Man

YOUR WORTHY CITIZEN in his righteousness says, "Send us better human material from your prisons if you wish us to employ your graduates."

This is a well-expressed idea, and we can only say in reply, conscious of the irony in the answer, "Send us better material with which to work if you insist on better graduates."

You cannot lift the dead weight of human personality inside prison walls any more than you can do so outside. When a man comes to us who is a living example of how church and school and home have failed in the shaping of thought and habit, we know that we can make a good convict of him — and we do. Good convicts are the products of discipline. We do not know what else we can do with him, because agencies better equipped for soul shaping have already failed with him. If the man tries to rise, we help him; if he does not, we see that he serves his time in accordance with the sentence passed on him by the court.

* *See "Keep Your Convicts", by Christopher Rollman (February, 1937,* FORUM).

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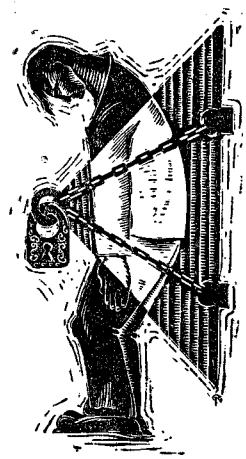
It has been suggested that the State should set aside a certain period of time at the end of a man's sentence for the purpose of refitting him for citizenship, that the psychology which has been used to make him a docile convict be applied, then, to make him fit for a free world. This is sheer absurdity.

The qualifications of a good citizen cannot be fed to a man like medicine; they result only from some steady growth within his own soul. If such a psychological reversal as that suggested were possible and if we could obtain 100-per-cent results in it, what would we have? We should merely be returning to the community what the community sent to us — and the community wanted the convict, as he was, so little that he was ordered away for the community's good.

When you create penal institutions, you are not thinking in terms of man building. Do not let sentiment deceive you. Man building is the job of the church and the school and the home. Our job is the enforcing of a sentence passed on a man as the punishment for crime. Such man building as we do is in the nature of lifeline work — an outstretched hand to a man who is struggling to get up out of the scuppers. The man himself makes the effort; we merely aid him in finding his sea legs.

I have seen hundreds of men who did "find" themselves in prison, men who grasped a helping hand eagerly and who accepted all the handicaps of a late start with dogged courage. I have seen, too, what the world outside did to some of those men.

They were not ruined men, those fighters for regeneration, they were merely backward students in the school of experience. They left the penitentiary with a saner slant on life than they had ever had, with moral muscles toughened by struggle, and they were better men than they were when the community sent them away. "Outside" they met the righteous citizens who wanted nothing to do with the graduates of the gray walls — the honest employers who would not contaminate free workers by association with convicts and the industrialists who believe sincerely that we ruin men in our prisons, be they innocent or guilty when we get them.



Many of those men who went out from here so gallantly confident of rewinning a place in a free world have come back to us — and the courage that was capable of rising above the degradation of a prison sentence was crushed under the humiliation and the disillusionment of contact with those who are convinced that the brand of the convict is an indelible indictment.

I have pleaded many a case personally, but my score has not been very good. For some reason, employers "outside" believe that a prison official who recommends an ex-convict has some personal ax to grind. Why? I do not know. Our profession makes us extremely cautious about recommending men; and we know that we cannot afford even the normal percentage of human error in our recommendations.

Those Who Help Themselves

I should, as I have said, employ three out of every ten convicts that I send out of here.

The other seven represent the professional criminals, the warped personalities, the crackpots, and the morons — the short-term prisoners who learn the flippant attitude of "doing it on the ear" and who employ their prison time in making underworld contacts; the long-term prisoners who take to routine as some men take to dope, dulling their minds deliberately with monotony and encasing themselves in dark mental shells; the hard-boiled rebels against all authority, priding themselves on their toughness.

These types, which make up seven of the ten, are the dead weight of the prison. They do not seek to rise and they would resist any ef-

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fort to lift them. Society failed to assimilate them outside the walls, and no course of prison psychology, be the suggestion from an industrialist or a penologist, is going to change them materially. Their very existence jeopardizes the chance of the man who is worth saving, and they provide the horrible examples which are used to discredit the parole system, the trusty system, education in prison, and every other reform.

The three men of the ten who rise above the mass are responsible for the crusading wardens like Lawes. They are worthy of a better deal than they receive, and a prison executive cannot drop their problem even when he drops his job. When you enlist to fight the battle of the courageous, you enlist for duration.

Scarred by heredity or by the environmental factors which led them to crime and scarred by the experience of arrest, trial, and imprisonment, reduced to the status of a number, deprived of citizenship, regimented in all the acts of their lives, eating the bread of charity — when men bearing such wounds still fight for responsibility, you know that there is such a thing as an immortal soul.

They rise above monotony, the influence of morbid and bestial associates, and the prison uniform which is the badge of inferiority. They seek counsel, take advantage of educational opportunities afforded them, and learn to read books that, perhaps, they had never heard about "outside." They are being punished, and they take the punishment without complaint, their eyes fixed on the chance that is left to them — the new start represented by a date, which may be years hence, when they will be free.

The prison executive knows when a man is learning to think straight. He receives reports and he watches the man's progress and he hopes — hopes that, "outside," the convict will receive at least half the chance to prove himself that he is being given by those who are paid by the State to see that he is punished.

The plant executive says that he has visited penitentiaries and has seen how men live there, has smelled the smells and seen the degrading conditions of prison existence firsthand; that out of such conditions no man, regardless of what he might once have been, can emerge as a fit companion for free workers.

I wonder if the man who takes this viewpoint has visited, in the same spirit, the places from which so many of the free workers of his plant are recruited. Let him walk in the slums of any city and smell those smells. Let him fill his nostrils with the odors of the flophouse and the cheap boarding house and the small hotel. Let him visit the poorer districts of his own city, where families are herded together in close quarters, and let him look for degradation as he looked for it in the penitentiary. Let him visit the Dutchman's or Joe's or the Coffee Pot or whatever the names of the places where poor men eat along his city's water front or in the freight-yard district — then let him visit the place where our men eat. Let him do those things and then repeat his story that life in prison unfits a man to associate with free workers.

While he is closing his doors to our "graduates," there are other righteous people clamoring against us for feeding and housing convicted criminals better than the poor are fed and housed. Somewhere between the two sets of critics we must be justified.

Fatal Honesty

The governor of a great Midwestern State admitted a few years ago in a public address that out of every 150 men in the State

there was one in prison. He did not state how many of the 149 had been in prison or how many probably deserved to be.

There are 120 State and federal prisons in this country. They have a standing population of approximately 150,000 people. We send over 80,000 men and women into these institutions every year and we discharge approximately 70,000. Think of those 70,000 people for a

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moment; then consider the additional fact that there are some 4,000 city and county jails, which house nearly 500,000 prisoners, and over 10,000 police lock-ups with a steady stream of transients coming in and going out.

Where are you going to draw the line when you start guarding your plant or your store or your office from convict contamination?

I'll tell you where you will draw that line. You will draw it in front of the convict who admits his record, who naïvely believes that the struggle he has made to rise above prison atmosphere entitles him to another chance with society. You will bar the man who comes to you with a warden's recommendation. All the warden's OK will mean to you is certification of the fact that the man has served time.

You will employ convicts, nevertheless — smart convicts, the men who are too wise to win a warden's endorsement because that endorsement will brand them. You will employ, probably, some of the seven of ten whom I, who know them better than you do, would not employ. They will fake employment records through relatives or friends and they will slip back — those who care to — into the ranks of industry.

How do I know? Well, out of every forty-two persons in the United States, one is either a convict, an ex-convict, or a person with a police record of arrest.

The Warden's Bond

These facts do not make a pretty picture, but unless we have looked at them squarely we are not justified in our easy generalities about ex-convicts. Suppose we accept the round figure of 70,000 as the number of men who will be released this year from State and federal penitentiaries, ignoring all other penal institutions? What is going to happen to these men, the redeemed and the unredeemed?

Industrialists of the keep-your-convicts type close the gates to them. So do the labor unions and the CCC. In many States, they are denied chauffeurs' licenses. They cannot join the army or the navy or the marines. What can they do?

They can seek by deceit to conceal the fact that they have been in prison and thus build a very insecure career that a word may destroy. They can go back to the underworld or they can live on the favor of petty politicians, who despise them as cheap tools. They can do these things, that is, if they belong to the seven I have described out of ten. If they have made an honest fight to come back, they do not have even those alternatives.

I have one plea only to make, one solution to suggest. Give the warden of a penitentiary the same rights and the same privileges that you give John Doe, who owns a small shoe factory or a lumber yard.

John Doe can write a letter of recommendation for a good employee who wants to move along or for an indifferent one of whom he is weary. The man can take the letter attesting the fact that he has held a job, and he can use it to obtain another job. He may drink whisky and shoot craps and seek low company in his spare time, but, as a free man, his vices are his own business. The employee is merely changing jobs.

Why is not my letter of recommendation of at least equal value with that of John Doe? It is harder to get. I am more suspicious. I have fewer illusions. I am harder to convince. A man has to prove his value to me by the hardest route known to man — and I have no reason for merely passing him along. My reputation is at stake when I sign a letter of recommendation. I am risking my usefulness in my job by my endorsement of just one ex-convict.

Read my letter. Give the man I recommend a chance.

Either the United States is in favor of banishing every convict forever from the world of which he was once a part, or the United States, through community and industrial and labor groups, is willing to define the conditions under which it will reabsorb the man who has served time.

Once you have convinced a convict that there is some purpose in struggling to come back, you have won half the battle of reform. Once convicts have learned confidence in the warden's power to aid them when they are free men, there will be more convicts fighting for rehabilitation, more trying to deserve a helping hand inside the prison.

If three worthy convicts out of ten seems a low figure to you, I assure you that it is a high figure under present conditions. If the convict is to have no hope, then every sentence should be a life sentence. There should be no graduates from damnation. That is the ultimate in human cruelty.

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Diet Begins at Forty

by **BENGAMIN GAYELORD HAUSER**

THERE HAS recently been belated and much-needed recognition of the after-forty dilemma. Industry, it has been pointed out, is callous to the older worker; society itself is indifferent to his fate. In a country which, statisticians say, is soon going to have 360 out of every thousand of its people in the forty–to–sixty-five group, the machine-made plight of unwanted middle age is serious indeed.

Sociological and economical as no doubt this problem is, there is also a health angle to it. And this offers both a challenge and an opportunity to every man and woman. A challenge, because it cannot be solved — as the other angles perhaps can — by legislation; an opportunity, because in the last few years science has given us weapons not only for extending our lives but for prolonging our years of efficiency and usefulness.

In my work as nutritionist and lecturer, I have become convinced — finally and irrevocably — that middle age is what we make it. Hundreds and hundreds of cases have proven to me that physiological and chronological age have little in common and that food science now provides us with knowledge which prevents and corrects premature old age.

Middle age is the stepchild of medicine. Every time I face my audience, no matter in what part of the United States it may be, I realize that anew. There is the foreman who is worried about his job in the face of younger competition and who wants to know why he gets so tired by three o'clock in the afternoon. There is the woman who has had a good, candid look in her mirror and seen that she is getting a bit too heavy, her double chin a terrifying actuality. There is the successful businessman, he with the oversize stomach, who has seen a number of his friends "keel over" lately and who is frightened. There are all the people with stiff knees and rheumatic, aching joints. They come in an endless, monotonous procession.

For, regardless of what optimists say, life does not begin at forty. As a rule, decrepitude does. Only a conscious and intelligent readjustment in the mode of living can make of middle age a healthy and useful period of life.

Let us take one more case history from my files — this time of an average middle-aged woman, one who lives in your home town, perhaps.

We'll call her Mrs. S. She is forty-six years old. She doesn't differ in appearance from the women you see shopping in the market or playing bingo at the neighborhood movie.

In her childhood, Mrs. S escaped the usual diseases, such as scarlet fever, chicken pox, croup, and diphtheria. She had one siege of measles at fourteen. After that, she blossomed forth into young womanhood, finished her schooling, married early. She gave birth to two children before reaching twenty-four. Both were healthy — as was their mother. Neither infectious disease nor accident was visited on Mrs. S, and she pursued a satisfyingly peaceful life through the thirties and up to now.

Lulled by almost complete freedom from apparent illness of any kind, Mrs. S had for twenty years or so been growing more and more careless about her manner of living. Her digestion seemed good, so she ate what she pleased — it was very far from a balanced diet. She got into the habit of taking a cathartic two or three times a week. She drove a closed car all year round, rarely walked, and took no other kind of exercise — not even around the house, where her husband's comfortable salary provided a maid.

Mrs. S kept out of the sun in the summer as much as possible, because she feared a bad burn and hadn't the patience to acquire a tan gradually. In winter she couldn't find much sun — she would have liked it then, she thought — and she had no use for sun lamps because they were a nuisance. Cod-liver oil,

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she read somewhere and understood but vaguely, was beneficial to the body. But Mrs. S hated the fishy taste, feared it would make her stouter — she had become rather gross from luxurious living — and, anyway, she felt she didn't have to take things of that sort, considering herself as healthy as anyone she ever met. Too healthy, Mrs. S sometimes thought.

Overweight from overeating, with overworked kidneys, with a heart that was gradually running down, with no reasonable hard work or stimulating recreation in her program, Mrs. S reached middle age and then, all at once it seemed to her, lost what she boasted of as "my good health." She suffered from a chronic and serious condition — a complication of several preventable ailments. It may have been heart disease, apoplexy, hardening of the arteries, diabetes, cirrhosis of the liver, gall-bladder trouble, ulcers of the stomach, or nephritis.

It doesn't matter which it was. For Mrs. S is a composite case history. The important point is the way her experience ran — it's such a characteristic way. Good health in youth. "Breakdown" diseases in middle age.

Repairing the Damage

And then what? A great many people are saved by prompt attention to their eating and hygienic habits. Too many die prematurely — a shameful waste of human life.

It's difficult to understand why middle age should be so shamefully neglected. Perhaps it is because chronic diseases are not dramatic — except in the way their victims die. Perhaps — since the span of life has for years been held at fifty-five years — there still persists the subconscious belief that at forty we enter old age and should expect aches and pains.

That is foolish. Our life span has been stretched tremendously through sanitation and better care of babies. Smallpox and other epidemic diseases have been curbed. Carefully kept statistics show that our college students are taller, heavier, and healthier than were their parents.

And, above all, innumerable studies and experiments have proven that correct nutrition can bring to diseases of middle age results which are almost as striking as the conquest of yellow fever through the draining of swamps. Arthritis, high blood pressure, diabetes — these are no longer considered hopeless; and, while they may not always be "cured," they can be curbed, to allow many years of useful, comfortable life.

Specifically, here is what correct nutrition can do. In the first two stages of chronic disease — when there is decreased functional activity of an organ or when there is passive congestion of organs under greatest irritation — well-balanced diet can easily restore good health. Even if an organ shows actual degeneration, a great deal can still be done.

I know a man who had his right kidney removed some years ago; today he is well and active. In fact, he says that he enjoys life and living more than he ever did before. His infirmity made him think about his future: "I now have only one kidney to do the work formerly done by two. Therefore, I must learn something about the functions of the kidneys so that I can live in such a way as to prevent my remaining kidney from becoming overworked and breaking down." So the man made a thorough study of nutrition, and since that time in the hospital he has regulated his diet so effectively that he has managed to keep well all these years.

Fortunately, most people do not have to face such an emergency. For most of the common chronic conditions or for the vague, minor ailments which plague middle age, a slight change in the mode of living usually suffices.

What this change should be cannot be definitely stated. It depends on a whole host of factors, ranging from emotional preferences to economic considerations. There are, however, a number of fundamental principles which must be followed in any design for middle-age living — however else personalized.

Regardless of whether or not a chronic condition is present, the food intake in middle age should be reduced about ten per cent. With the tendency to restrict activity at this period of life, the protein and energy requirements of the body are lessened; this means that the diet should include less meat, eggs, heavy starch foods, and sweets. There should be a minimum of two slightly cooked vegetables daily — one of them a green, leafy vegetable. Fried dishes, rich gravies, highly spiced foods, and heavy pastries must be avoided. All food should be eaten slowly.

In middle age, more than ever, the body

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needs an occasional "physiological rest." A day, every week, should be set aside for this purpose. On this day only fruit and vegetable juices should be used. In a severe chronic condition, a longer period of "eliminative feeding" is required.

Preventing the Damage

Correct nutrition promises to become more and more important in the prevention of premature middle age. It has been shown, for instance, that the need for vitamins is as great after forty as it is in childhood. Dr. Cowgill has found that vitamin-B deficiency among elderly people is quite pronounced. Experiments recently concluded in England indicate that bones and teeth are rebuilt throughout life and that the need for calcium and vitamin D does not diminish with age, as previously believed. An important part of my own work has been in the field of nutrition and beauty. I have been able to help many stage and screen stars, society women, and models to overcome their complexion, tooth, and other beauty troubles through changes in diet.

There is, also, a very definite example of what nutrition can do if actually applied on a large scale. Since its inception, Mormonism has provided for its members a definite set of rules for attaining and retaining health. In *Words of Wisdom*, Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, set down these provisions: Use meat in moderation. Do not drink or smoke. Use generous amounts of fruits and vegetables. Live simply.

What has been the result of these rules on the Mormons as a people? Reliable vital statistics of the Mormons as compared with those of the leading nations — as furnished by a recent health yearbook of the League of Nations — give us the answer: The average birth rate of 25 leading nations was 22 per 1,000 of population. The average birth rate of the Mormons was 30 per 1,000, implying sounder health. The average death rate of the nations was 14 per 1,000; the average of the Mormons, 7.5 per 1,000, implying increasing length of life. The net difference between the birth rate and the death rate was 8 per 1,000 and of the Mormons 23 per 1,000 — or nearly three times as great.

Correct nutrition is not the whole story, of course. Proper exercise, sufficient rest, and a youthful outlook are all important. The specific hazards of middle age must be avoided. I'll mention only two of these.

After forty, there is usually present a spirit of bravado and recklessness — a last-fling psychology which is almost terrifying in its intensity. It is this which makes middle-aged people blossom out in loud ties and which is responsible for their November-May attachments. Related to health, it makes a fifty-year-old man insist on playing a fast game of tennis with his son, perhaps with fatal results.

On the other hand, stopping work without making provision for other interests can be as bad from the health viewpoint. There is nothing quite as aging as the realization that the individual is no longer useful to anyone. Not only is it better to work out than to rust out, it seems, but it takes longer.

Middle age is what we make it! There are examples galore to prove that. Steinmetz and Caruso passed away at the prime of life. Edison and Tolstoy lived long and useful lives, largely because they had definite, personalized designs for living.

It is true that there seem to be some people who can live on and on in complete disregard of all known rules. These are, however, simply evidence that heredity is an important factor in longevity, and their statements that long life is owed to smoking three stogies a day or walking backward are patently worthless.

In the clear light of research and statistics, the only insurance against premature senility is careful attention to nutrition and hygiene.

This is not too bad. It is, really, good news. True, it deprives us of the comforting dream of a fountain of youth. But it offers the solid hope — hope already definitely substantiated — that middle age can be free from illness, as efficient as maturity.

That the man over forty is a bad accident risk has been one of the charges of industry against middle age. In a survey which differentiated between jobs held by the young and the old, the British Industrial Health Research Board found the man over forty more careful than his younger competitor. Experience and age have made him so.

"Bad physical risk" is a more serious charge. It will have to be met if the after-forty dilemma is to be solved. The good news is that middle age can be a healthy age.

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Psychic Factors in Health

by **SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES**

All my life I have had much to do with doctors: relatives, colleagues, friends, and advisers. I have been the head of an organization employing a large number of medical men and of others employing few. As a result of a variety of accidents, I have, on more occasions than I should have wished, found myself in the position of the patient. I have gradually gained the impression that, on the average, the young doctor has surprisingly little understanding of man as I have met him — and her.

Time and again, when, in various parts of the world, I have found myself ill or injured and confined to bed, I have been attended by doctors who never even found out that I had any medical training; in fact they never found out anything about me at all. They were concerned to treat The Injury or The Disease — not *me*, the patient; they were, in short, dealing with a pure abstraction and thinking that they were being very scientific.

The more I have seen of life and death, of pain and suffering, the more clearly I have realized that there is never, in the real world outside the walls of the medical school and teaching hospital, a Disease to be treated; there is never an Injury to be dealt with; there is just a sick child, woman, man to be helped to get well. In short, the real business of clinical medicine is not science. It is, in the case of each sufferer, a personal relationship into which sincerity and medical knowledge are suffused by the physician, and trust and some dependence by the patient.

Please do not imagine that I am ignorant of or underestimate the advances in technique and in the sciences which underlie the practice of medicine. What I am speaking of is what seems to me to be a lag in development in the preparation of the medical student for that strangely close personal relationship into which he as a practitioner will have to enter with each of his patients, one by one, alone and separately. I am not questioning the fact that, the more a physician knows, the better equipped he is to do the job. But no amount of scientific knowledge, unless it be subordinate to an understanding of individual man, ever can make a medical man a true healer. Far too often a doctor attending patients has irresistibly reminded me of a vet attending sheep.

All medical students learn some zoology, physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, pathology, etc., but they never are given a chance systematically to study man as a whole. Man is much more than a physical body. The better you know him, the more fully you realize how far removed from a true picture of him the portrait of him given by each of the sciences is. Even a synthesis of the portraits fails to represent reality.

Under which of the sciences as we know them today would you find an explanation of this case?

A woman in Edinburgh has a severe heart attack as a result of shock and anxiety, because she knows intuitively that her brother, stationed in India, has met with some disaster, though no physical message of any sort has passed. Will you tell me what scientific steps you will take in Edinburgh to deal with the true cause and not the symptoms of the illness? This is an actual case. The knowledge, of course, was conveyed by telepathy, but what does that mean? It is a mere word and adds nothing to what I have just said. Yet telepathy, as a result of the research carried out in Professor Rhine's Department of Psychology at Duke University, must I think be accepted as a primary datum of science.

Another case: A girl, a victim for years of extremely bad eczema, receives a letter which fills her with joy and thankfulness, and within a few days the skin of her face and arms becomes soft and normal. What is more, she

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suddenly acquires beauty and dignity. In this particular case the skin condition existed years before the tension which was ended by the letter. In the interval she had suffered much at the hands of many physicians, but they had all failed to "cure the eczema."

I am well aware that it is fashionable to pooh-pooh such cases or alternatively to look wise and murmur something about endocrines. I advise you not to pooh-pooh them and to realize that those who speak of endocrines are referring to the probable mechanism and leaving out the answers to those perplexing imp words *how* and *why*.

II

WHAT I WISH is to establish the thought that beyond our scientific knowledge of man lies an incompletely explored area in which important things happen without discoverable physical cause. But we have all become so sure that science is the only door to knowledge that we tend to ignore the older ways of approach. If we could reawaken the sense of untrammeled wonder which in the days of the Renaissance gave birth to science itself, we should make fresh starts along new lines; but, for the time being and for a little longer, science is queen of the mind.

The brilliant achievements of science show how rich has been the prize won for each of us by disciplined curiosity, but that must not obscure from us the fact that today science is running into blind alleys from which it can emerge only by escaping from direct touch with human understanding. In some sciences but in some only — for example, physics — mathematics can come to the rescue to demonstrate the unpicturable and to prove the high probability of what is strictly outside human reason. It is not sense that 1+1 should make 1.86. Yet, in the summation of certain velocities, it does. This, as you know, is merely another way of saying that the velocity of light is an ultimate velocity and that, consequently, Euclidean geometry cannot be applied to the four-dimensional space-time continuum which modern physics requires.

Human reason is quite unable unaided to picture the nature or structure of reality. Even in physics, it has to call in mathematics, its own child, to formulate in symbols what is wholly unpicturable. To say, therefore, that any view is irrational or nonrational may be a recognition of either the limitations of the best human mind available or of a failure of the human mind concerned.

The writings of Alexis Carrel were the first to make it clear to me why our minds, even the best of them, are peculiarly unsuited to the study of our inner being and why they really dislike being asked to attempt to comprehend life. They tend to shy away from so difficult a problem and to return to what they delight in, the contemplation of more simple things.

This does not mean that it is impossible to improve our understanding. On the contrary, once we have ceased to fear what seems to us nonrational and once we recognize that human reason cannot grasp all reality, we can get to know quite a lot about man — a surprising amount, considering the strict limitation of our five senses.

Physics can tell us nothing about the nature of reality, apart from its structure. We have, therefore, to accept the fact that, in connection with man, science can tell us very little beyond what we can learn from the schemata which it is the function of the underlying sciences to devise. So far as I know, we can approach man only through such schemata but, in using them, we must never forget that they are only schemata and nothing more.

III

I SUPPOSE that all of us vaguely think of the human race as being composed of countless individuals who are born, grow up, produce offspring, grow old, and die — always changing, yet always similar, succeeding each other in the possession of houses, land, and what not. That is the normal schema of sociology and of history. It is a pure space schema and refers almost exclusively to three-dimensional space: time comes in merely to color the historical sequence and the limited duration — the threescore years and ten — of the individual. It is a good schema and one that we can never escape from for long.

Now forget the individuals for a moment. Behind the outward showing, what is there? Obviously, an unbroken, highly complicated network of living tissue spread out in time and not in space — a network of germ plasm knotted as all nets are knotted, when the strands are joined together. But these knots

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are like no others, for at each of them an individual is bodied forth to be the ark of the germ plasm — to support it, to nourish it, to serve it, to pass it on to its next knotting. And, as we contemplate, we observe that the net of living tissue extends, from a beginning we cannot conceive, toward — toward what? We have no conception. It is quite impossible to conceive an inevitable end, mortality, intrinsic in the net. On the contrary, the embodied individuals, with their quick mortality, seem phantomlike. The knottings of the net are, of course, the fusions of the chromosomes of sperm and ovum within the body of the ovum, at each effected fertilization; the strands are the cell lineages which link ovum and sperm to ovum and sperm. Let me, without prejudice, call the net the plasmic net; let us realize that it is potentially immortal. Let us also realize that the individuals bodied forth at each knotting are inevitably mortal.

It is, of course, obvious that a similar time-spread diagrammatic view is possible in the case of all races of animals — mammal, reptile, amphibian, fish — with the same immortality of the net and the same mortality of the individual. We can note further that all these mortal creatures, bodied forth each to serve, to support, to nourish its own knot in its own racial net, possesses some psychic quality which it uses in the service of its net. Make no mistake here. Each individual, from fish to man, has some knowledge of primordial hunger and primordial fear, for these are the dim impulses that help each creature to live, to keep alive if possible until it has woven a new mesh or new meshes in its racial net, which grows from the knife edge of the present forever into the unknown future.

Have you ever watched the aerial squadrons of the birds maneuvering? There is clearly something akin to thought transference there. That the higher animals have psychic qualities is beyond dispute.

Are we entitled then to assume that the racial plasmic nets are simultaneously psychic and plasmic or that they carry with them some prepsychic store from which they endow each individual they body forth? What are the alternatives? Either that, at the bodying forth of each fish, frog, snake, dog, man, there is a special act of creation of psyche or that each individual is bodied forth within a psychoid matrix.

For the moment it does not matter much which we assume. What does matter is that in our schema we recognize that the individuals bodied forth by the racial nets are not only material but also possess some psychic quality.

That we may go forward without the risk of serious misunderstanding, we must agree about the precise meanings we are to attach to three words — *soul*, *mind*, *spirit*. By *soul*, in a sense sanctioned by the Oxford dictionary, I understand the animating and essential part of man and animal which is neither body tissue nor body fluid; by *mind*, the seat of conscious thought, will, and feeling; by *spirit*, that component of inner being which distinguishes man from animal.

I shall not speak of spirit until later. For the moment it is enough to say that *soul* and *mind* are abstract terms devised to explain certain manifestations occurring on the plane of nature. Whether or not they have, in any sense, existence apart from the body we cannot tell. Most but not quite all of the evidence suggests that they are inseparable aspects of the tissues which we normally call physical.

IV

I AM IN A position to quote you a unique document. It is the record of the experience of a man who passed into the very portals of

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death and was brought back to life by medical treatment. The record was taken down in shorthand by a skilled secretary as life was re-establishing itself.

On Saturday, November ninth, a few minutes after midnight, I began to feel very ill and by two o'clock was definitely suffering from acute gastro-enteritis, which kept me vomiting and purging until about eight o'clock. . . . By ten o'clock I had developed all the symptoms of very acute poisoning: intense gastrointestinal pain, diarrhea — pulse and respirations becoming quite impossible to count. I wanted to ring for assistance but found I could not and so placidly gave up the attempt.

I realized I was very ill and very quickly reviewed my whole financial position; thereafter at no time did my consciousness appear to me to be in any way dimmed, but I suddenly realized that *my* consciousness was separating from another consciousness, which was also me. These, for purposes of description, we could call the A and B consciousness, and throughout what follows the ego attached itself to the A consciousness. The B personality I recognized as belonging to the body, and, as my physical condition grew worse and the heart was fibrillating rather than beating, I realized that the B consciousness belonging to the body was beginning to show signs of being composite — that is, built up of consciousness from the head, the heart, the viscera, etc. These components became more individual, and the B consciousness began to disintegrate, while the A consciousness, which was now me, seemed to be altogether outside my body, which it could see.

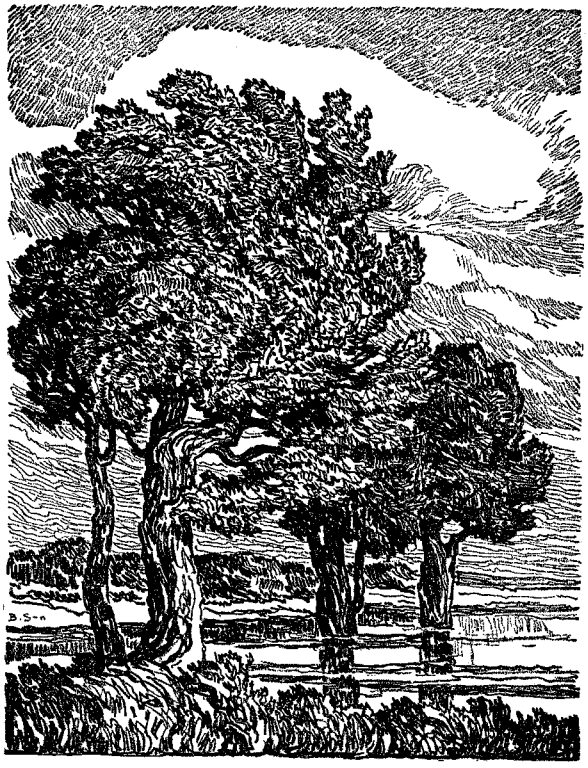
Gradually I realized that I could see not only my body and the bed in which it was but everything in the whole house and garden and then I realized that I was seeing not only things at home but in London and in Scotland — in fact, wherever my attention was directed, it seemed to me; and the explanation which I received (from what source I do not know but which I found myself calling to myself my mentor) was that I was free in a time dimension of space, wherein *now* was in some way equivalent to *here* in the ordinary three-dimensional space of everyday life. I next realized that my vision included not only things in the ordinary three-dimensional world but also things in these four or more dimensional places that I was in.

From now on the description is and must be entirely metaphorical, because there are no words which really describe what I saw or, rather, appreciated. Although I had no body, I had what appeared to be perfect two-eyed vision, and what I saw can only be described in this way: that I was conscious of a psychic stream flowing with life through time, and this gave me the impression of being visible, and it seemed to me to have a particularly intense iridescence. I understood from my mentor that all our brains are just end organs projecting as it were from the three-dimensional universe into the psychic stream and flowing with it into the fourth and fifth dimensions. Around each brain, as I saw it, there seemed to be what I can only describe in ordinary words as a condensation of the psychic stream, which formed in each case as though it were a cloud; only it was not a cloud.

While I was just appreciating this, the mentor who was conveying information to me explained that the fourth dimension was in everything existing in the three-dimensional space and at the same time everything in the three-dimensional space existed in the fourth dimension and also in the fifth dimension; and I at the time quite clearly understood what was meant and quite understood how *now* in the fourth-dimensional universe was just the same, to all intents and purposes, as *here* in a three-dimensional universe. That is to say, a four-dimensional being was everywhere in the *now*, just as one is everywhere in the *here* in a three-dimensional view of things.

I then realized that I myself was a condensation, as it were, in the psychic stream, a sort of cloud that was not a cloud, and the visual impression I had of myself was blue. Gradually I began to recognize people and I saw the psychic condensation attached to A, B, C, D, E, F and to quite a number of men that I know, especially to G and H. In addition, I saw quite a number of people that I know had very little psychic condensation at all attached to them. In addition to those just mentioned, I saw "I" very clearly, and she also gave a visual impression of blueness; A gave purple and dark red; B, pink; D, rather indefinite gray-brown; E, pearly; and F, apricot color; G was definitely brown; Each of these condensations varied from all the others in bulk, sharpness of outline, and apparent solidity.

Just as I began to grasp all these, I saw A enter my bedroom; I realized she got a terrible shock and I saw her hurry to the telephone. I saw my doctor leave his patients and come very quickly and heard him say or saw him think, "He is nearly gone." I heard him quite clearly speaking to me on the bed but I was not in touch with the body and could not answer him. I was really cross when he took a syringe and rapidly injected my body with something, which I afterwards learned was camphor. As the heart began to beat



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more strongly, I was drawn back and I was intensely annoyed, because I was so interested and just beginning to understand where I was and what I was seeing. I came back into the body really angry at being pulled back and, once I was back, all the clarity of vision of anything and everything disappeared, and I was just possessed of a glimmer of consciousness, which was suffused with pain.

It is surprising to note that this dream, vision, or experience has shown no tendency to fade like a dream would fade, nor has it shown any tendency that I am aware of to grow or to rationalize itself as a dream would do. I think that the whole thing simply means that, but for medical treatment of a peculiarly prompt and vigorous kind, I was dead to the three-dimensional universe. If this is so and if in fact the experience of liberation of consciousness in the fourth-dimensional universe is not imagination, it is a most important matter to place on record. Since my return with the injections, there had been no repetition of any sort or kind of the experience or of the clear understanding that I seemed to have while I was free from the body.

V

THUS ENDS the record. What are we to make of it? Of one thing only can we be quite sure. It is not fake. Without certainty of this, I should not have brought it to your notice. But — was it a dream or does it record a symbolic vision of one aspect of reality translated into inadequate words? I do not know. Whichever or whatever it was, it provides us with a schema that helps to make picturable to our minds things otherwise difficult to grasp.

First, it has helped me to define the idea of a psychic continuum spread out in time like the plasmic net. It does more; it provides a comprehensible background for the soul paleontology of Jung and it seems to throw a flood of light on the meaning of soul abysses discovered by the method of Freud. It brings telepathy, clairvoyance, spiritualism, and indeed all the parapsychic manifestations into the domain of the picturable. It also provides a rational-seeming background for such ideas as the group or national soul and such a conception as the psychic atmosphere. But, most important, it makes the idea of the lifelong unity of body and soul much simpler to grasp.

Of course I do not imagine there is a visible psychic stream but I do quite definitely believe that the record I have set down presents in words one aspect of man's complicated being and relationships, as these were symbolized in the mind of a man at the point of death.

The clouds of personality which were not clouds, as the record says, show how inapt ordinary words are to describe this adventure in, or dream of, a world unknown to our five senses.

Personally, I regard the record as a valuable symbolic impression of man's body-soul as it disintegrates in death and of the existence of a racial psychoplasmic net extended in time. There is one important point that we must notice. There is absolutely nothing in the record which is metaphysical. The whole adventure, if such it were, took place on the plane of nature. It is thus to be sharply distinguished from the records of the spiritual adventures of the mystics. These belong to the plane of spirit, which is supernatural.

The point we have reached in the construction of our diagram is this:

The individual child, woman, man who is to be the doctor's patient is not body and soul but strictly on the plane of nature, body-soul bound, so long as life shall last, indissolubly to the psychoplasmic net, which is the time-extended link between all men who have been and are.

In the body-soul fabric the reproductive glands are of the first importance. This is not only schematically but experimentally true. In the male, the strength and quality of the mind and soul move in some way parallel with sexual vigor. Great poets, artists, conquerors, and saints have almost without exception been strongly sexed. Mind and soul are stimulated by love, especially by love that fails to attain its object. Conversely, mind and soul are dulled by sexual excess.

The influence of the soul on the body is equally clear and equally important.

The most pathetic story illustrating the power of soul over body that I know relates to the tragedy of a young officer in the World War. For the most flagrant cowardice, for deserting his post and his men, he was condemned to death and shot. Poor lad, he was the only son of a widow; he was always nervous but fine to look at, well grown and well nourished.

She wrote when she was told:

I knew he had no courage, and I feared he had no self-control. I can only pray that the death of my son has expiated his fault and that his fate may save others from themselves and may strengthen them in their desperate hour.

For me all is finished. Was I to blame?

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That poor lady's soul was shattered, and a body cannot live with its soul shattered, any more than a soul can live when its body is shattered. Her death certificate said she died of heart failure, which was true — her heart had stopped. For her all was finished.

These are cases of extreme body and soul injuries; in other cases, the injuries may be slight and difficult to recognize, and yet in every degree they may project injury to the other partner in the body-soul amalgam. I have often pondered that distraught mother's piteous cry, *Was I to blame?* and wondered whether her medical attendant was without some responsibility.

VI

LIKE ALL whose names appear on the medical register, I receive by almost every post advertisements from business houses trying to persuade me to make patients whom I have not got swallow something which the business houses long to supply. Some of these circulars frighten me, especially those advising that infants be fed on — what shall I call the hypothetical patent food? — Bulkem! The usual slogan is that Dr. Bunkum finds Bulkem Builds Bigger Babies.

Now, if we were fattening babies for the table, I could understand the relevance of the appeal. But we are not; so why fatten them or stimulate them to grow bigger? *Bigger* is not equivalent to *better*, and even *better* can be interpreted only from adult life backward. We want our adults to be alert, intelligent, courageous, capable of resisting fatigue and the rush and turmoil of life; and, so far as I know, these qualities are by no means necessarily associated with great body bulk. I am not sure that overstimulation of baby growth may not ultimately be proved to produce rather sluggish, lazy, cowardly, easily tired, nervously unstable men and women. Historically it seems to me that many of the most effective men have been anything but large. At all events, Dr. Bunkum and his Bulkem want watching — and so do all the other diet fads of today.

Nobody knows what the effects of dietetic revolutions are. Always remember that through the body you can reach, perhaps permanently modify, the soul. I have observed that a number of the most effective of my acquaintances were brought up hard — under conditions and on a diet that would shock the sentimentalists. Yet they stand modern life well; they recover quickly from illness and injury and have what the men of the market place, with a painful disregard of the science of anatomy, call lots of guts. Let me ask a question which I beg you to ponder. Has this sentence more than factual significance — *Oatmeal porridge used to be the staple food of the Scottish peasantry?* I think it has but I leave you to decide, each for himself.

Now we come to a further and final complication. I do not pretend to know much about it but I do know that the body-soul of a man is only the house in which his real self lives. The highest animals are no more than body-souls; but man is not an animal. He is also a spirit, and this spirit in some way has become a partner in the body-soul, making our diagrammatic formula of man like this: *body-soul-spirit.*

As I myself should have to speak with little certainty, I propose to borrow the words of Keyserling, just as I find them in scattered and isolated passages. Keyserling seems to me to know more of spirit than any other writer, and this is what he says:

> I believe in myself . . . as in an essentially not-earthly spirit. . . . I know myself to be indestructible but . . . I know well enough that by far the greatest part of what my consciousness mirrors is indissolubly bound up with earthly life, and thus sure to pass away. But I am not only essentially eternal, I also feel essentially free . . . my self-consciousness applies to nothing except my spirit. Body and soul are primarily sensed by me as mere means of expression . . . only the problem of the spirit concerns me essentially. But now for the most curious fact of all: the spirit which alone I feel and acknowledge to be myself is, nevertheless, unknown to me.
>
> Between that spirit and my earthly nature there is an ultimate incompatibility which prevents the latter from completely apprehending what I know. . . . My Spirit, my deepest Self, *is bent on creating for itself its personal body*. But it cannot succeed unless I refrain from accepting anything I have not acquired personally; from believing what I do not know from personal experience; from standing by anything that I am not, really and truly, at the given moment. Unconditional personal truthfulness is my one categorical imperative.

To me, spirit is beyond direct reach, but I can see the effects it produces. I see it make a mock of the careful safety-first attitude of body-soul. I see it value a human life at less than nothing and act accordingly. I see it as courage, faith, and aspiration. I see it as the will to live dangerously. I see it set before a

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man an image of what it wants him to be and mold him to it.

Do not imagine that spirit is pious or sanctimonious. It is the reverse. The pious seek a reward; spirit never does. One of the grandest spirits I ever knew treated official Christianity and the organized churches with scant respect, almost as a bad joke, and yet mystically reached out across the years to the master spirit of the greatest Jew, Jesus of Nazareth.

Now let me juxtapose two passages.

This from Keyserling: "My spirit, my deepest self, is bent on creating for itself its personal body."

This from the record of the vision: "I suddenly realized that my consciousness was separating from another consciousness that was also me."

Schematically we may think of the "A" consciousness as that part of the soul which, at the moment of somatic death, the spirit can save alive to be its personal body.

But we have reached a terminus. The schema is: body, with its intrinsic soul, doomed to death; spirit, with what of developed soul it can save from the wreck, passing on — to what? Who knows?

VII

WHAT HAS ALL THIS to do with the practice of medicine? Only this: that the doctor will meet sick people whose illness may have originated in the body, the soul, or the spirit. How is he to know them? I cannot say in detail but I can give some general indications.

Spirit may be too powerful for bodily health, as in the God seekers, the mystics. Sometimes their bodies suffer physical damage when their spirits go out to meet God, if that is what they do. Do not scoff at mysticism; it has wielded tremendous power in the world. Personally I have no experience of it. The nearest I ever came to it was when I stood beside a bed and observed the condition of a mystic following a supernatural adventure and saw a good general practitioner and an eminent consulting physician baffled. It was as if every tissue of the body was inflamed and exhausted. I just did not understand.

When spirit is defective, there enter all sorts of fears — fear of death and damnation, fear of war, fear of loss of income, fear of the dark. The spirit defectives turn up as pacifists and the unco' guid, as general representatives of the whole tribe of security seekers and killjoys. In fact, show me an overearnest, pompous ass, and I will show you a spirit defective.

Those who live too intensely in soul are usually spirit defective. They may be first-class thinkers. They may have a quality of extraordinary rigidity about conserving security. They may suddenly do things out of blind urge and, fear-haunted, may commit dreadful atrocities. Among the soul defectives you will find the animal, sex-driven types, who may be intellectual or what is called machine-minded, with all the brutality and selfishness of the road hog. The class-war Bolshevists also fit in here. They wish to organize and improve mankind by force. The improvements they seek are material and machine-made aids to security — their own security. There are millions and millions of these people in the world today. They are neurotic, ill-adjusted, and restless — perhaps they are the product of urban life, of the divorce of man from close contact with mother earth.

I have deliberately emphasized the individuality of each person, because, as I see it, the young doctor is apt to generalize each patient as a Human Being suffering from a Disease. Now my conception of the young doctor is a generalization, just as *human being* is a generalization and as *disease* is also. The trouble is that we cannot think without generalizations and that we cannot act with or on them. We cannot even meet them in the flesh, because they exist only in our minds.

In truth, each young doctor is unique, and so is each patient; so, too, is each case in which, for example, Bacillus typhosus, in its millions, interacts with the body tissues and fluids of a particular man. As all interactions of that kind involve the psyche of the patient (for example, the will to live), consideration of the patient's soul-spirit state is of obvious importance. To recognize this does not diminish the importance either of the generalizations we use in thinking or of the scientific knowledge underlying diagnosis and treatment. On the contrary, it makes it greater. My dissertation is not, then, a plea to diminish the scientific training of the medical student but to add to it a recognition of those aspects of man's being which today, perhaps forever, are beyond the reach of science.

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The Artist's Point of View

The Fascist Challenge to the Artist and Educator

I HAVE RECENTLY heard two fascist-minded Americans explain fascism and why they favor it. Let me report and comment.

Fascism, as I understand it, means submersion of the individual in the state; one-man dictatorship; rule by emotional excitement or fear; deification of brute force; a creed of racial superiority; suppression of opposition; persecution of Jews, Catholics, Protestants, and all liberal minorities; glorification of war and aggression; and destruction of culture. The basic implication of the whole program is the imprisonment of the individual mind in the strait jacket of an enforced ideology which appeals to the lowest and most savage instincts of man — race prejudice, bigotry, hate, cruelty, and force. When these instincts are glorified from above by the great Hero, they catch the unthinking mind; and the achievements of civilization and reason built so slowly and painfully through the centuries are destroyed. Fascism is a denial of the individual and of reason; it is a return to the dark ages of man.

These are facts about fascism which I assume are obvious. How did my two apologists face them?

One, who I discovered later was an assistant superintendent of schools in a small Midwestern city, chatted with me while we were waiting to take our places at the speaker's table of a State convention of educators. "I am a hundred-and-ten-per-cent American," he was saying. "I was in the War. I belong to the American Legion. I believe in democracy. I hate communism. Communism is the great threat to American institutions. I hate fascism also but, *to save democracy from communism, I would join the fascists.*" To save democracy, in other words, he would destroy democracy.

The other man is a magazine editor. In a panel discussion of communism, democracy, and fascism, he represented fascism because, he said, I "like it as a philosophy." Why? Out of two hours of talk and many questions seeking enlightenment emerged just two reasons. First, fascism is the only answer to the threat of communism. Second, American industrial capitalism has broken down, and fascism provides the best substitute for it. Why? Because fascism breaks industry into smaller units and so spreads the financial rewards of individual business enterprise. No concern did Mr. Editor show about the surrender of the individual mind, persecution of minorities, the resort to force instead of reason, or dictatorship. He excused the persecutions by saying that communists were the worse offenders. He admitted communism was no immediate threat in this country, as he thought it was in Europe, so he was for democracy at present. But, in the emergency — etc., etc.

It seems clear that such fragile arguments are not the real reason for this editor's fascist leanings. What those reasons are I have no space here to guess. (He was sleek, well-fed, and the only person present driven to the meeting by a chauffeur.) The thing that concerns me is that an editor — a molder of public opinion — and an educator — a trainer of youth — should approve the regression to the ideology of the dark ages for *any reason whatever*. That is the sinister fact.

Communism is a threat to property rights. Fascism is a threat to the civilized mind and all its creations. Educators, editors, artists, and other professional people, who are presumably concerned with civilized life, have a responsibility in public matters affecting that way of life which should transcend considerations of personal comfort or private property rights. An issue of professional ethics is involved.

Materialism and greed, I am implying, are driving forces in fascism. "Aryans" are getting the property and jobs of persecuted Jews. Germany has grabbed Austria and Czechoslovakia. The threat to democracy lies in the breakdown of idealism in a materialistic age which allows selfish material interest to decide personal and professional action rather than a perhaps equally selfish hunger for the richer life of mind and spirit. If we must return to the Middle Ages, it may as well be as crusaders instead of bigots. And the crusade must be to SAVE AND EFFECTUATE DEMOCRACY.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

Poet's Debut

***by* MARGERY MANSFIELD**

At the age of nineteen, a young man whose name was Edwin Arlington Robinson had a book printed at his own expense. Years later, one or two copies of it fetched several hundred dollars each at auction. But the poet didn't get the money; and, as far as readers (not collectors) are concerned, any edition of his *Collected Poems* is a better bargain.

The young man gave most of his 300 copies away — to his friends, to all the poets of America and of England, and to everyone else whose critical judgment he valued. Letters came: "Go ahead; you are a poet." He did not call his printer a racketeer. He knew his money had been well spent — for he had found out what he could not trust to his own judgment. Yet, today, the reader may feel it was an imposition that Robinson had to spend the money.

However, armed with these critical opinions and new poems, this poet placed his next book with a large publisher. The profit (or loss) was evidently small, since the publisher was willing to continue, and the poet acknowledged that he got little from his books before his *Collected Poems*. It was not till *Tristram* that he was able to notify a little group of friends (some of them poets themselves) that he no longer needed financial help. In other words, one of the most successful poets of our times was not financially independent, from the sale of poetry, until well into the last decade of his life. So how much is a young poet justified in gambling on his talent?

All poets are geniuses in their own hope. But what if the verdict had been negative? Could Robinson have stopped writing? I don't see how. But there is a difference between writing when one has to and progressively giving up everything that interferes with writing poetry. There is also much to be said for the carefree delight of the amateur, and this can come only when society seems to relieve the poet of the responsibility of becoming one of its major poets. There is also a third alternative — to direct one's talent toward the popular periodicals, compensating in craftsmanship and human appeal for whatever the talent lacks in originality or magic.

But, at the time the poet needs to make this test, he cannot produce a book that can compete with the complete works of great poets. His book may be much more than promising, but there is not very much in it. The public is used to getting a genius' lifework for a dollar. In fact, a few years ago the Modern Library got out *two* genius' complete poems, in one volume, for about that price. The books I have bought by new writers have cost me many a pang. For them, I must postpone the purchase of Yeats or Emily Dickinson or some delightful Elizabethan. Or I must continue using an ancestral copy of Shakespeare that is falling to pieces.

The same argument holds true even if it is not money but time that one lacks. So many busy people say, "I haven't kept up with modern poetry. But I love poetry. I do read Keats and Browning." These are just the readers the living poet needs. But can they be asked to read any poetry as a duty?

II

The Forum recently gave figures that were good averages of what it costs a poet to publish at his own expense. It can be done more cheaply if he is contented with a paper cover, but usually he is not. The cost comes to around $1 a copy for a cloth-bound book by the big publishers printing the largest editions. Terms reported to me by poets have varied from a partial subsidy of $50 to $2,000. The smallest amount from a manufacturer of books who attempted to sell to no one but the poet was $75. But this price did not include any specific date of delivery nor the binding of the whole edition. A few copies were to be bound, and the rest sent to the binder (at an additional cost) if the poet found he could use them.

A usual and, I think, fair enough price range is from $200 to $500 in editions of from 300 to 500 copies, the price being influenced not only by the size of the edition but by whether or not the binding is of cloth, by the quality of paper and printing, and by other services the publisher may offer. A poet who made a study of the subject gives $100 as a fair cost for a 40-page paper-covered edition of 200 copies. Another found he could get a 40-page poem printed (but not bound) for $40 per 1,000 copies. However, binding is usually figured as half the cost; and there is generally no way for a poet to sell 1,000 copies.

Most of our "vanity" publishers do better than that. But, in justice to the big publishers, it must be said that they are not eager for author-financed books. They do not solicit poetry nor deal in flattery. They write guarded little notes of regret at returning a meritorious manuscript. The matter goes no further, unless the poet offers to buy unsold copies. If the big publisher does accept the offer, the poet doesn't have to pay anything until the book has been published a year; and the book has a "break" in so far as a good imprint and a catalogue listing can help it. The publisher can hardly be expected to spend money promoting it, since, at the outset, he decided that it would not repay promotion. But the poet's pride is protected. No one need *know* he is paying. The reviewers do not know. The poet has prestige among poets, though the various imprints mean little to the average reader. But note that the poet's friends think the book is being distributed by a competent publisher. The poet can hardly expect the "loyalty" sales of the poet who has frankly printed a small edition at his own risk.

Some periodicals on which I have worked would not review books published by the author or through a printing house or other agency known to specialize in author-financed books. A purpose of the policy was to protect poets from exploitation, since to give these "publishers" publicity might enable them to get more business. But a poet might think it an expensive way to be protected from exploitation.

III

Poets are full of grievances, compared with other artists. The young painter or musician does not cry "Exploitation!" when he pays for his debut. But the musician and the painter have paid to put their work before an audience. The poet has paid because his work has *not* been put before an audience. The difference seems to call for suggestions.

1. A bureau might be founded in New York City, to make it unnecessary to

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Poet's Debut

publish a book in order to get an estimate of talent or to get letters and reviews that might help in placing or promoting future books.

The bureau could be run by the Poetry Society of America or any publication or publishing house able to get a group of well-known, well-qualified critics and poets. These would drop in, look over manuscripts, and select the most congenial for review. The client submitting a book manuscript would pay $25 (plus overhead) and would receive five signed reviews by well-known poets or critics. The reviewers would get $5 for each book reviewed, and they could make their reports as brief and frank as they chose.

The poet could use any reports he wished, in any way he wished, providing he did not change them. It might prevent much premature publication. If the recommendations were very good, they might help the poet find a publisher. But, if no publisher would take the risk, the poet could have his book printed in some inexpensive way and use, in his circulars and on the jacket of the book, the critic's recommendations. It should offset the lack of publisher's imprints.

2. Since the living poet's most formidable competitor is the dead genius, we might, through either taxation or an agreement between publishers, add the equivalent of a small "author's royalty" to the price of books whose copyright has expired. This would provide a fund for the publication and promotion of books by meritorious living writers whose work has not yet proved profitable.

3. Poet and publisher might devise a method by which the poet would pay the publisher not for failure to distribute a book but in proportion to success.

If the price at which the public will buy a book is $1.00 and the manufacturing cost, promotion, and publisher's profit amount to $1.50 per book on an edition of 1,000, the poet would pay 50 cents for every book sold or $500 when the edition was exhausted. If a publisher will not take a book under such an arrangement, it would seem unwise to place the book with him, as he has either no confidence in his ability to sell it or no intention of trying.

However, in a stage of transition, poet and publisher might agree on the format of the book and on the printer and binder — for which service the publisher could charge a specific fee. The poet would pay printer and binder directly, own his books outright, and give the publisher a fair commission on the books sold. It is not the poet's job to sell books. And the dictionary defines publishing as "making public" — not as "printing."

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (b) *professor emeritus of economics at McGill.*
2. (d) *"Sea Fever," by John Masefield.*
3. (b) *sizm.*
4. (c) *any selected Coast team and opponent.*
5. (c) *Eugene O'Neill and Sinclair Lewis.*
6. (b) *130,000,000.*
7. (b) *two under par. (On any but a par-3 hole.)*
8. (b) *high taxes have nipped private gifts.*
9. (b) *a possible Nazi drive on South America.*
10. (a) *the two-party system is here to stay.*
11. (a) *blonde.*
12. (b) *he loved to sit and smell flowers.*
13. (c) *strengthen British-Canadian relations.*
14. (c) *Margaret Sanger.*
15. (a) *the increasing number of elderly people.*
16. (c) *the Stork, Twenty-One, and El Morocco.*
17. (a) *Frank Lloyd Wright.*
18. (a) *caves, abysses, and underground rivers.*
19. (b) *DeWitt and Lila Bell Wallace.*
20. (a) *Brenda Frazier.*
21. (b) *the open door in China has been slammed shut.*
22. (a) *monopoly.*
23. (d) *Igor Stravinski.*
24. (d) *the war in Spain.*
25. (b) *Bette Davis.*
26. (b) *Robert M. Hutchins (President of the University of Chicago).*
27. (b) *"Well, you're my lawyer." "Tort" is a legal term denoting a private or civil wrong by act or omission giving rise to a remedy which is not an action of contract.*
28. (a) *"Well, blow me down, mates." McFee writes about the sea.*
29. (c) *rye and Italian vermouth. (a) is a Martini; (c) is a "long" drink, the Cuba libre or rum-cola.*
30. (b) *wormwood.*
31. (c) *quack "mentalists" are gypping many people.*
32. (b) *Lawrence Sterne.*
33. (d) *medicine.*
34. (c) *"My Battle."*
35. (b) *"The Code of the Woosters."*
36. *Either* (a) *"Don't make me read it;* tell *it to me."* or (c) *"Why, it isn't even colossal."*
37. (c) *While I pondered weak and weary (poem by Mr. Poe: "The Raven").*
38. (b) *our divorce laws should be made more uniform.*
39. (a) *to urge on the hounds.*
40. *All answers correct.*

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▶ Tell us, briefly and entertainingly. Not over 400 words, and 250 would make sweeter music in our ears. If this still seems short, remember what Lincoln did with the Gettysburg address — and get busy! Mail your letter not later than February 1, 1939. The decisions of the Editors will be binding and final.

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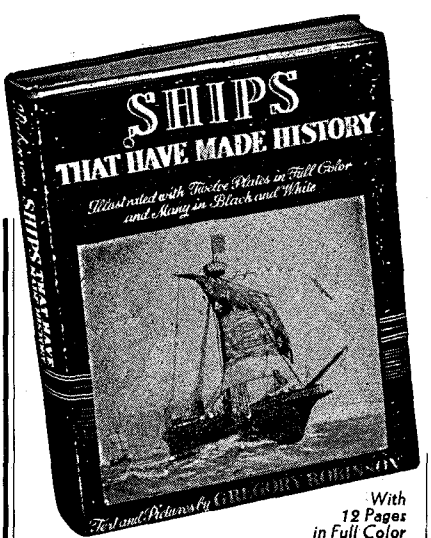
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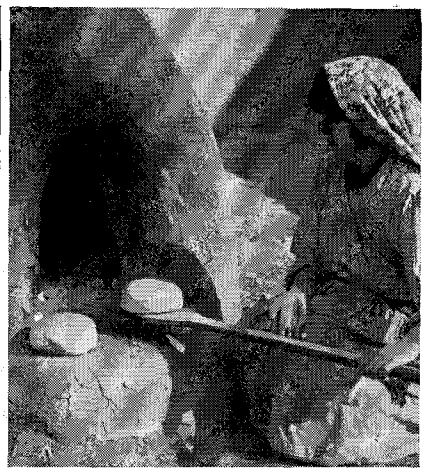
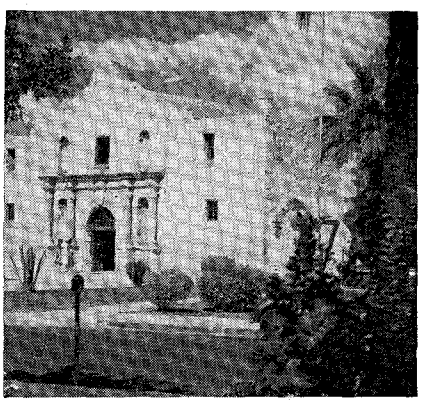
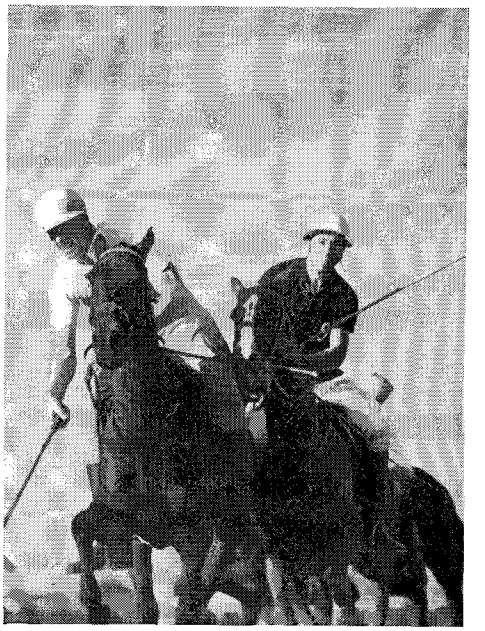




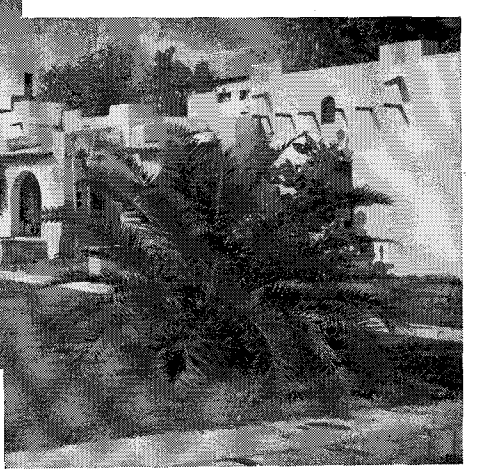
The Alamo



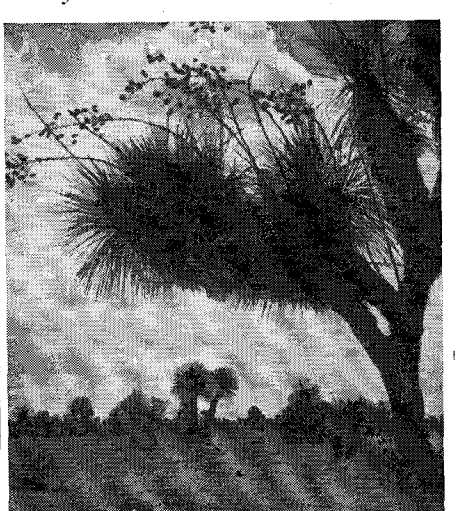
Year-round sport in El Paso

South West

Geronimo Court, Tucson



Giant yucca on the desert



The Pueblos make their own clothes

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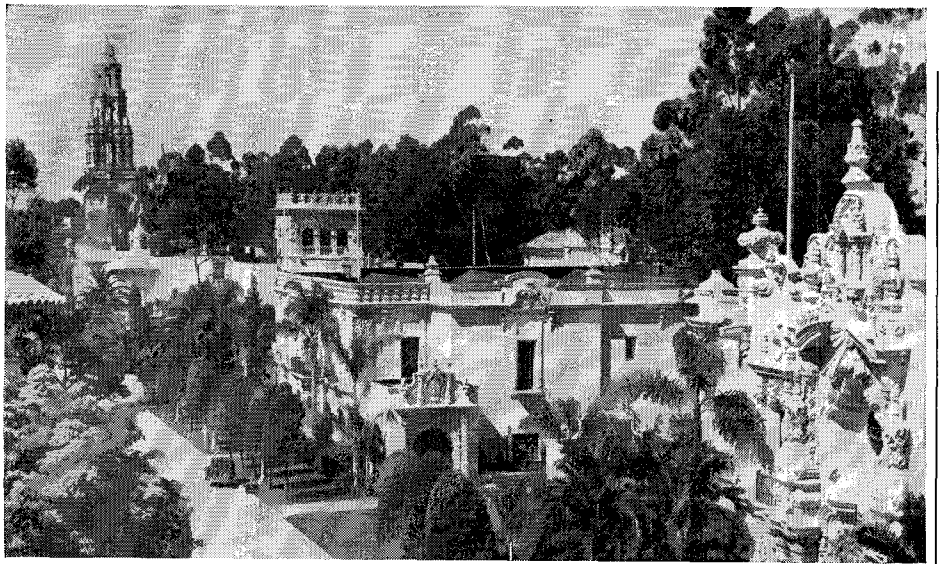
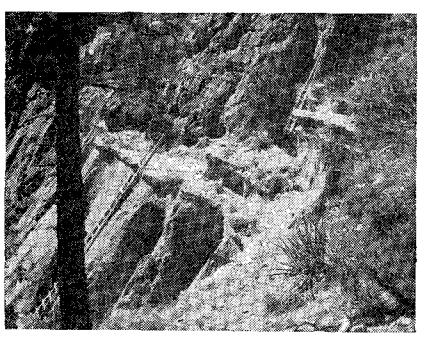


Balboa Park, San Diego

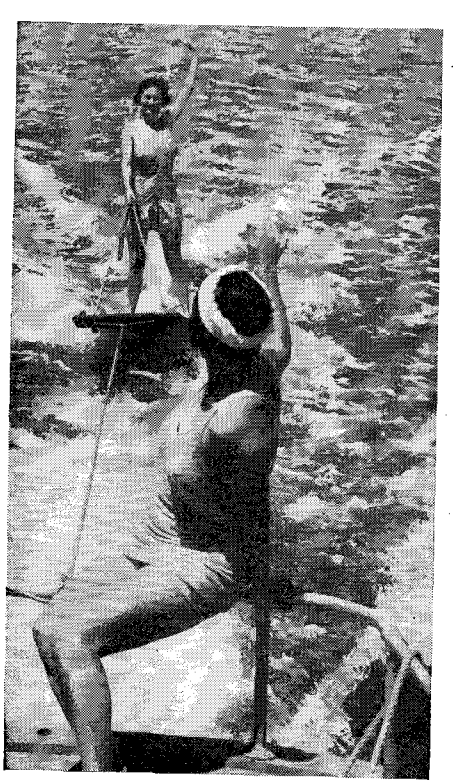


Cliff dwellers' ruins: New Mexico

to the Fair

Southwestern Kids Rodeo: El Paso

by HARRY J. PRICE



Aquatic sports: San Diego

THERE is one section of the United States whose past makes the rest of our country seem parvenu by contrast. This is the great Southwest, whose link to the stirring era of the Spanish settlement of the New World and to the older Aztec and Indian civilizations even before that casts the remote glow of antiquity over its rich history.

The day of the long, hard trails along which the pioneers rode is gone. Now there are swift, luxurious trains to speed the visitor across historic country to the splendors of the San Francisco Fair. But semblances of past glory remain. They persist in the old cities; they are recalled in the characteristic landscape of the Southwest that you may view from your car window; they linger in the countenances of the dwellers along your route — Hopis, Navahos, and even actual descendants of the conquistadors.

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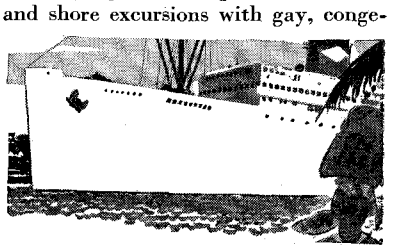

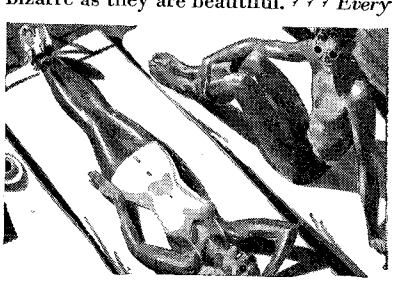

Saturday there's a cruise to Costa Rica with 2 calls at Havana and a visit to the Panama Canal Zone (15 Days—$210 up). . . *Every Wednesday* a cruise to Puerto Colombia (Barranquilla) and Cartagena, Colombia, South America with 2 calls at Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

and one at the Panama Canal Zone (15 Days—$210 up) . . . And *Alternate Saturdays* cruises to Santiago, Cuba; Puerto Barrios, Guatemala; Puerto Cortes, Honduras (12 Days—$165 up). Similar Guest Cruises weekly from Philadelphia and New Orleans. » » »

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Travel

The pioneers who paused on the threshold of the great Southwest, to kill buffalo and make jerky as they overhauled their outfits before pushing on again, came at last, if food and water held out, to marvel at the cities they discovered, so different from the primitive settlements they had left in the East. They rested, then pushed on from city to pueblo and from one friendly mission to another, until, at the foot of sloping mountains, they found California's first city of San Diego.

Here the Franciscans had founded their first mission and built more — each a day's journey from the last. Here, north of the city, today one can follow El Camino Real, the King's Highway, first trod by Father Juniper Serra and his padres. It stretches six hundred miles along the Pacific or swings inland through breathtaking scenery, equally enjoyable from motorcar, bus, the new streamlined *San Diegan* or the famous *Daylight Limited*. And one must make sure to tour it by day — it is too lovely a sight to pass by unheeding after dark.

The hospitality that the pioneers found in mission and settlement is still to be met with along the old route. This year, stirred by the great fairs of San Francisco and New York, a regional conference has been formed to welcome and speed travelers along the oldest routes of the continent. They promise splendid food in abundance, the latest information about traveling conditions, all the news of sport and diversion along the way — a Southwestern communities hospitality conference to make certain that no traveler need miss anything that might add to his comfort, pleasure, or interest.

II

THE Santa Fe Trail, or Dixie Highway, now yields not the desolate water holes that spelled life to the pioneers but the marvels of a modern Rio Grande irrigation system, behind Roosevelt Dam, flowing everywhere through Arizona's Valley of the Sun, backing up illimitably against Boulder Dam.

Entering the Southwest through the vastness of Texas, the visitor crosses the battleground of a once burning political problem. In that country first the Spaniards held sway, driving back the French from east Texas; then the Mexicans were in control, with American resistance rising to the crescendo of the defense of the Alamo and the massacre which followed. Finally the Texan hero, General Sam Houston, settled the matter with the Mexicans at the San Jacinto River, in April, 1836. And in Texas today still stands the Alamo of undying fame, the palace of the Spanish viceroys, and many centuries-old missions.

Today one may go west from Texas through the famed Pass of the North,

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Travel

now El Paso, adjoining the Mexican border, and to trails leading west and north, facilitated by the El Paso Gateway Club. Approaching by more northerly routes, one may go over Raton Pass in Colorado and thence into New Mexico — or else via the old Santa Fe Trail. Visitors are met here at the border by the New Mexico State Tourist Bureau of Governor Clyde Tingley and are offered excellent advice on the enthralling side trips the tourist may make here — to old Santa Fe, to Albuquerque, and to other spots.

Phoenix, Arizona, offers the renowned Valley of the Sun Club, and, nearer the border, there is Tucson's Sunshine Climate Club. These are among the leaders of the popular desert resorts, and are located in a region whose history goes back to 1672, when the earliest missions were built there.

And so on to San Diego — the site of the oldest Pacific Coast settlement in the United States. Cabrillo, the first white man to reach that coast, entered San Diego Bay in 1542, and on the site of the present city in 1769 was founded San Diego de Alcala Mission. Two memorable world's fairs were held in San Diego, and now their buildings stand in a beautiful tropical park. Other attractions that tempt the traveler to linger in this city are the splendid modern beaches, the battlefield of San Pascal, the caves of La Jolla; while, contrasting with the age-old dignity of the religious services still held in the nearby misson, is the ever present activity of the United States battle fleet in the harbor and the squadrons of fighting planes overhead.

California's modern history began in San Diego, and the California of today grew northward from there. This year that history is celebrated by the great fair on Treasure Island, inside the Golden Gate.

As you travel toward the fair, the influence of the old Franciscan fathers is evident on every hand. There is San Juan Capistrano; the Mission of Our Lady of the Angels; the Santa Barbara Mission; at Carmel, the Mission San Louis Obispo, where Father Serra is buried; and the Mission of St. Francis.

You may well want to pause on your journey north at Los Angeles. This city is headquarters for the All-Year Club of Southern California, which offers you the convenience of its corps of Welcomettes, its Book of a Thousand Wonders, and its time-saving information service.

It is good to approach the magic spectacle on Treasure Island by this route, the way of old Spanish history, and to soak in meantime the sunshine and warmth of the equable climate of the Southwest. It is the lavish splendor on San Francisco Bay that is the mecca of the traveler this year, but he will not regret it if, on the way, he lingers a bit with the past.

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MOZART: MASS IN F MAJOR (K. 192). Motet Singers and string orchestra, conductor Paul Boepple (Musicraft 23; 3 records, $6.50).

BEETHOVEN: SERENADE (Op. 8). Pasquier Trio (Columbia 341; 3 records, $5.00).

BRAHMS: SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN E MINOR. Weingartner & London Symphony Orchestra (Columbia 335; 5 records, $7.50).

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THOSE valiant young men who direct Musicraft's policy leave us indebted again for three more gramophone immortals. Each set has particular attributes; each yields the first discs of hitherto unrecorded works. And in all three albums prevails the same laudable standard of performance which marked previous Musicraft releases. Beyond all this, Musicraft seems to have solved the leaflet problem that has resulted in the unsavory specimens of the major companies: specialists supply the remarks for works that relate specifically to their fields. Thus the sober, informative leaflet on Bach's Choral Preludes by Herman Adler; the relevant commentary on Mozart's Mass by Arthur Mendel; and the reflective observations on Haydn's music for the flute by Carlton Sprague Smith, Mr. Smith's essay being culled from an article by him appearing in the *Musical Quarterly*.

SIX choral preludes arranged by Bach from his cantatas for publication by the publisher, Johann Georg Schuebler, and three miscellaneous pieces comprise the Bach album. Weinrich plays the Barroque organ at Princeton, designed to resemble the organ of Bach's time. From this instrument the music issues forth free from the adulterations of the coarse, diffuse tone associated with the familiar instrument.

What with Weinrich's understanding performance, the beauty of the instrument, and the sensitivity of the recording, this is one of our finest sets of organ music.

LEROY'S flute playing failed to impress me at first; it seemed so colorless and dry. But familiarity with his style indicated that what was mistaken for bleakness was a mask concealing the real, subtle character of his playing that insidiously seeps beneath one's skin. LeRoy is a supreme flutist whose poetry and charm is clearly exhibited in these Divertimenti, in which he is joined by equally supreme artists, the Pasquiers.

WHAT Musicraft has done for organ records with its many Weinrich sets, it now does for a new field — choral-orchestral, to borrow Mr. Darrell's nomenclature — with the Mozart Mass. Here is a new high in blending the voice and orchestral bodies homogeneously. Both Paul Boepple, for his shaping of the interpretation, and the Musicraft people, for getting it onto the records, are to be praised.

The Mass, so satisfyingly performed and so articulately recorded, is youthful and joyous, expressing religious emotion that is couched in Mozart's breathtaking flourishes. It is a set that should win many friends (even though the dead studio in which it was made deprives it of elasticity) and will, I hope, encourage Musicraft to use the Motet Singers for the recording of other neglected masterpieces.

BEETHOVEN'S Serenade is a very early work, not especially exciting but musical and pleasing. The Pasquier Trio version replaces an earlier Columbia set by Goldberg, Hindemith, and Feuermann, but it is played with utmost delicacy and recorded brilliantly. If one does not seek the tempestuous Beethoven, this set constitutes an exemplary recording.

ANOTHER Brahms' Fourth! Yet I prefer this version to the previous ones for reasons that fashionable Brahmsians will abhor. Weingartner's aloof reading and attempt to purge the score of its nauseating bathos are worthy of emulation. If only other conductors would follow suit! Then more positive values might be discovered in Brahms. But even that is a gamble. The recording is the best component of the set.

IF you can disassociate the extra-musical sounds from the music itself in the Debussy discs, you might hear a more than adequate interpretation of the Nocturnes, *Sirenes* included as well as the more familiar *Nuages* and *Fêtes*. But what little of the performance I am able to extricate from the web of residues seems rather routine. Apparently the poorest set of surfaces from Columbia in some time and without an imaginative reading to recommend it, this set has little to offer — save, perhaps, the inclusion of *Sirenes*, often omitted in the concert hall because of the required women's voices. But then the other recorded versions also include it!

THE Quartet, composed for the Roths, is Roussel's first chamber-music work to be recorded. The Roths apparently find much pleasure in performing it. Sincere, skillfully scored music it is. And it has several ideas which seem to be noteworthy. The Roths play the Quartet with energy and poise; and Columbia records their efforts spaciously.

AND here is a set in the "hats off" class. Given Sibelius' Fifth, plus Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Victor's engineers all in a rare mood, you get one of the finest orchestral recordings made to date. Go out and hear it is all I can say. For good measure a tone poem is thrown in. I'll take the Symphony.

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Our average social contacts, psychologists say, are paralyzing our intellects. Small talk and platitudes surround us; lively, constructive discussions are rare. Friends close their minds to suggestion and opinion, and we in turn withdraw into our shells, yearning for the sort of bristling intellectual stimulation we all knew in school.

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OUR ROSTRUM

MORALE IN THE NAVY

To the Editor:

May I thank you most sincerely for your courage and Americanism in publishing the article by William Oliver Stevens "Our Yes-Man Navy" in the November FORUM?

What good it will do to enlarge our Navy, and retain this system which puts a premium on mediocrity and nonentity no one can tell. Yet yours is the first magazine which has dared to print the facts. Speaking as a Navy woman, I must tell you that Mr. Stevens has painted all too mild a picture. He has written in a detached manner. Those of us who are victims of this system do not have his detachment, and as there are thousands of us, you can see what a dreadful state the morale of the service is in. Yet helpless to help itself. Only a civilian can do that. . . . It is very hard to be loyal and hard working in a service which has rejected your best work. That so many Naval officers do it only proves they are men who should not be treated in this manner.

I hope that others will be aroused by this fine article, and I thank you again for your courage in printing it. Believe me, we, the victims, are grateful!

JULIA WARD STICKLEY

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor:

I want to thank THE FORUM for having the courage to publish that splendid article, "Our Yes-Man Navy," by W. O. Stevens. It is no kindness to the country or the Service to try to conceal inefficiencies in the latter at a period when we still have time to do something about them, but there seems to be a general tendency to hush up all criticism as being "unpatriotic." I rejoice to see that THE FORUM has a better definition of patriotism. Everyone who truly wishes the Navy well will be grateful to you.

FRANCES M. HOWARD

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I was enormously interested in your fine article by Mr. William Stevens in the November issue.

Having several young relatives in the Navy who have suffered or are about to suffer under this system, I know how true Mr. Stevens' report is.

May I take this opportunity to thank you and Mr. Stevens for a courageous attack on the system and on its timeliness. If the Navy is to be enlarged the question of its morale and the status of its officers is more important than ever.

AUDREY HASKELL MALLEN

New York, N. Y.

LET'S BUILD A HOUSE!

To the Editor:

Yes, darling this apartment is stuffy and hot. I have all the windows open and the fans going. Why don't we get a house in the country? That is an idea. Oh! dear, it is so cool out here in the country, here are some pretty wooded lots. The Hillandale Realty Co. Oh, yes, here is their office. Well, now we have a nice lot with trees on it. Oh what was the name of that Loan Co. the Real Estate man said to go to? The Squeexem Mortgage Co. and that fine contractor too, that he recommended. We will see the contractor first don't you think dear? Oh, how do you do Mr. Glub; we were sent to you by Mr. Grabem of the Hillandale Realty Co. We bought a lot from him and we want to build a house. Oh, Mr. Stackem is a good Architect you say and will draw our plans and specifications so fine and so reasonable. Oh, fine; we will see him right away. Oh, how do you do Mr. Stackem; we want to build a little house to cost about $6,000.00. Oh, yes the house you have drawn for us in only three weeks is very pretty, with all those trees and shrubs around it but there are none like that on our lot. Oh yes we can plant some. You buy the plans and specifications of which you know nothing, having never built a house before, and hire the contractor who has been so highly recommended to you by the Real Estate man, who by the way is getting a commission for every contract he secures for the contractor. The circle is completed when you make application for your loan. All working hand in glove. But we wanted our bank to handle our mortgage. Oh, I see they do not make construction loans but take up the mortgage when the house is completed. Oh, I see you make a short time mortgage for six months. I see, there will be six per cent interest and then three and a half per cent for making the loan, a total of nine and a half per cent. The F.H.A. have given their approval, but you say they don't have to insure the house when it is finished unless they want to. Well, what will we do if they don't insure it and the mortgage is due? Oh, they will foreclose on the mortgage and take our lot away from us. Oh, I am scared already. But dear Mr. and Mrs. Smith there is plenty to come yet to really frighten you, so up with your chin. Slight changes in the plans as you went along will cost you $300.00 extra. Instead of being finished in four months it has taken six and you have $100.00 extra interest to pay. You finally move in. The house is not completed. There are as yet no electric outlets in the kitchen so you make toast in the bathroom. A poor quality of enamel is used and all the doors stick to the jambs and pull part of the wood work with them when you pull them apart. The plaster is wavy and the trim tries vainly to bend around it. A heavy rain comes and the water comes in the basement and a few wet spots appear on the walls due to faulty mortar joints. The floors are uneven, higher in some places than others. The fireplace smokes. The F.H.A. has cut your loan $400.00 because of faulty workmanship and materials, and you have to go out and borrow the money. Oh, you thought the F.H.A. gave three thoro inspections and this couldn't happen, and that they protected the home owner. Oh, no dearie, they only protect the banks and the Insurance Companies. It said so in THE FORUM, in an article called "The Smiths Are Building a Home" [by Marc A. Rose, October issue]. Yes but dearie you should not believe all you read. Oh, dear, I will never build another house if I have to live in a hut.

. . . . . .

LILLIAN M. FARLEY

Normandy, Mo.

THE REFUGEE PROBLEM

To the Editor:

Allow me to congratulate you on your timely editorial on the refugee problem in the November issue of FORUM ["Whither Refugees?"]. If more of the periodicals would come forward with such practical and concrete suggestions and devote less space to mere expressions of sympathy and denunciation of other countries, we would today be nearer a solution of the problem. And as you so well put it, can any country place itself on a higher pedestal than the regimes of Hitler and other dictators when all they can offer is sympathy?

. . . . . .

A. H. ROTHSTEIN

Jacksonville, Fla.

LOBBIES

To the Editor:

Mr. John A. McAfee's article, "I Won't Write My Congressman!" [November FORUM] takes a point of view that has been common enough all through our history. It was in the minds of the framers of the Constitution, when they sought to remove the election of the President, Vice-President, and Senators as far as possible from the people. We have changed these practices. . . .

. . . An overwhelming majority of the people of the United States believe that the people are qualified to elect representatives in Congress and in the legislatures. If they are capable of electing the right men, why are they not capable of expressing themselves soundly on issues that come up? I, for one, am glad of the advice of my constituents. It is genuinely valuable to me. . . .

ARTHUR CAPPER

United States Senate
Topeka, Kan.

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A SORT of general specialist" is what Hilton Howell Railey calls himself. By this he means that if you have an idea which strikes his fancy he'll take over the business end of working it out. Perhaps it's an expedition to the Antarctic: he managed the Little America venture for Richard Byrd. Or a transatlantic flight: he started Amelia Earhart on her career. Or raising the *Lusitania* or exposing the international armaments trusts. These last two are jobs Mr. Railey once attempted; and the story of why they were called off are high points in his book of reminiscences entitled *Touch'd with Madness.*

Touched he is, indeed, with the sacred rage for putting things across. As a professional money raiser he financed charities and churches, made heroes, promoted movements. Through his branch offices in various cities millions of boom-year dollars were collected for Causes. Trafficking in other people's wild dreams, he made them wonderfully come true.

Then, with the crash, the assets of his prodigious imagination suddenly froze, and he found himself stopped. An offer to become Hitler's publicity agent in this country could have given him a new start. But he chose to decline, with a grand gesture of impertinence; took a reef in his troubles; and finally emerged with the present book.

In spite of its title and the fantastic events it relates, his story reveals a kind of fundamental sanity that gives its author a certain wholesome appeal. Because of his vitality and his sometimes mocking felicity of expression, the stuff of his private experience comes out as beguiling as any tissue of pure publicity he ever wove.

LIKE Bo-bo, who discovered roast pig, the earliest merchants of petroleum had no idea what they had put their fingers into. At a dollar a gallon they sold it as Seneca Oil, good for toothache, sprains, and anonymous internal ills. Because of the nauseous smell, customers who tolerated the medicine balked at using it for fuel or even for lubricating their machines. And so the Pennsylvania crude-oil springs, from which it flowed, adequately supplied the demand.

But, with an ever more industrial world clamoring for cheap light and grease, ways of refining oil had to be invented, methods of tapping deep springs discovered. By 1859 petroleum history was on the make. In *The Birth of the Oil Industry* Paul H. Giddens records those early experimental days.

Though less spectacular than the epic exploitation of Western wells, this first oil rush had everything necessary for an exciting story — even in so documented and detailed an account as Mr. Giddens'. The shrewd speculators who made and lost fortunes, the lunatic fringe who did likewise but had more fun, the teamsters at war with the producers over the installation of pipe lines — the whole familiar but always engrossing drama of untamed enterprise appears here. To Mr. Giddens' careful presentation Ida M. Tarbell has contributed an admirable introduction.

WHICH is politics — a science, an art, or just an undignified nuisance? We'll vote it an art after reading James A. Farley's *Behind the Ballots.* This is his autobiography, but it is also the most forthright and disarming study in the mechanics of party affairs that it has been the delight of armchair politicians to read for many a decade

A small-town boy, born of humble parents, Mr. Farley left high school to earn his living. He played a good game of baseball; he kept books for his employers with equal energy — and he made friends. The personal touch, the simple human tribute of attention, went with his every move. When he entered politics, vast issues about war or peace, tariff or free trade were left to other minds. Or at least to other spokesmen, for his book makes no theoretical defense of the Democratic Party, even in its New Deal phase. Farley, although intensely a party man, has

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been a partisan more of people than of policies. Accordingly he tells the story of his role as president maker with no boasting. Nor does he rub salt in the wounds of those who mutter now about That Man in the White House. At the same time he has revealed a lot more of the truth than the hasty skeptic might assume is possible for a man in his position. With endearing adroitness he makes it seem entirely natural to be his friend — and a bleak task indeed to oppose him.

Frank discussion of patronage, of deals, of maneuvering sounds less despicable when he tells of it, since behind it all is a feeling of strong humanity. Whether you think Jim Farley is right or wrong, you will not judge him either stupid or petty after reading his contribution to the history of our era.

It's in the very nature of authorship to be quixotic. Every writer has his windmill, and what saves the whole tribe from ridicule is the fact that very often the earnest knight-errant overwhelms his chosen whirligig.

No journalist ever picked a more formidable wind mechanism to storm than has George Seldes. The press is his adversary, but his accouterments are as adequate as his enemy is real. In *Lords of the Press* he tilts with the big figures in the newspaper industry, whom he terms the most powerful anonymous group of men in America. Meeting at secret sessions every year, they decide in advance what they will have the nation's reporters present to the public as news. It is these men, members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, who act as censors before the fact. Quite bluntly, Mr. Seldes maintains that freedom of the press is nonexistent precisely where it is most important — in papers read by the millions.

In studying the technique of this conspiracy, Mr. Seldes etches the portrait of one press lord after another and dips his plates in good, strong acid. He relates brilliant and damaging episodes in the history of his assorted collection of little Napoleons and frustrated führers — and he's worked for a lot of them himself. Nevertheless he does not bustle up to his former chiefs with a chip on his shoulder. It's facts he carries there, which they seem loath, so far, to knock off. If only part of what he says were true, the press might be expected to come out with refutations; but, according to Mr. Seldes' publisher, the larger dailies have been almost uniformly silent. His is the kind of fearless writing that devotees of FORUM controversy should relish.

Just twenty years ago Walter Gropius, a gifted German architect, founded an arts and crafts school called the Bauhaus. Out of its practical work grew a whole new philosophy (which Ralph Pearson discusses on his page this month); and from its students came also the first sleek designs for furniture, pottery, lighting, for a hundred familiar things of the sort now generally called "modern." A handsomely illustrated book, *Bauhaus 1919–1928*, assembles the record of their progress.

So well have the Bauhaus designs fitted into our lives that it is hard to recall the initial shock with which they were received. There is hardly a field in which their influence has not been felt: architecture, textiles, typography, movies, advertising stand in their debt. Pirated and vulgarized though the ideas of those intensely serious pioneers have been, they have nevertheless accomplished the purpose for which their school was started. "Acc pting the machine as an instrument worthy of the artist," they set themselves the task of turning out beautiful new patterns for objects produced on a mass scale. They proved that the artist can be brought into harmony with an ndust ial civilization and that both can be enriched by the process.

There seems a real crusade afoot for the righting of old biographical wrongs. We've lately seen large areas of character restored to Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, Sir Walter Scott; and now come two more books dealing with *terra irredenta*.

First, *Young Longfellow* by Lawrance Thompson, who protests the false and treacly interpretation imposed on the poet these many years by friends and detractors alike. Both have set him up as a pillar of Victorian piety, the true embodiment of very stuffy excellence. Successful Longfellow was, and placid — even perhaps smug — in his old age. But, Mr. Thompson asks, why think of him only as a gentleman with a white beard and elegant clothes who went about patting little children on the head? Behind the gracious conventionality of his later years was a youth whose conflicts, ardors and disappointments have never been more than hinted at by his biographers.

Longfellow wanted passionately to be a writer: not just to write but to make letters a profession. It was next to impossible for an unsubsidized literary man to exist, and a post as teacher of languages temptingly opened for him. To rebel against such security with a large final gesture was not his nature, though he could and did carry on a guerrilla campaign with circumstance that had its heroic moments. It is this troubled period, of the boy's romantic student wandering over Europe, of his happy and unhappy loves, that the present book covers. The new youthful Longfellow Mr. Thompson portrays so skillfully is a winsome, fresh and entirely unexpected person.

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The Book Forum

PUT Mr. Thompson's biographical method into reverse and you have W. Bertram White's new study of the Brontës, *The Miracle of Haworth*. Too much of that extraordinary family's Victorian charm has been curried off, Mr. White feels, by overzealous interpreters, psychoanalysts, and literary busybodies. The sisters did have genius of a strange and rare sort; their brother and minister-father were unusual men. But to imply that the cozy parsonage at Haworth housed a brood of exotics strikes Mr. White as inaccurate and unfair. And so he is moved to place a gentler than usual meaning on the tempestuous emotions of Charlotte and Emily that are reflected in *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*. He defends particularly the acts and motives of Brontë *père* and of drug-afflicted young Branwell. And he tucks all of them with loving tenderness into the English country scene where their controversial history was made.

JUST as an attentive world watched the daily activities of Admiral Byrd in the Antarctic, so all lovers of adventure followed the four Russians who spent so many lonely months last year drifting south from the North Pole. But, apparently, they were not the only important explorers of the frozen country in recent years. Soviet science has mustered a veritable army of technologists to discover what wealth lies under the ice and snow and to make it accessible. Aviators, geologists, linguists, oceanographers, statesmen have co-operated in the task of turning into a wonderland a waste nearly as large as the United States.

The complete, almost encyclopedic, record of what goes on in this vast region is carefully and impartially made in *Soviets in the Arctic*, by T. A. Taracuzio, of the Harvard Bureau of International Research. The author not only interprets the political importance of this area — he gives figures for the rate of increase in potato crops, the census of reindeer "in useful occupations," and the number of natives who own phonographs, take baths, and possess underwear. In spite of the formidable scholarship of the book, it is a *must* volume for anyone who has more than an escape interest in exploration, science, or international affairs. Alaskans may one day be profiting from the research and experience of their neighbors across the ice; and it is not too early to consider the full implications of their astonishing skill and persistence.

FOR scholarly minded readers and the detective-story clan alike is another book about the Frozen North. In his *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic*, Vilhjalmur Stefansson reviews five famous cases of death or disappearance and presents his

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The Book Forum

meticulous post-mortem report with a dramatic flourish worthy of Philo Vance.

He tells again the pathetic story of Andrée, who set out to fly over the North Pole in a balloon, landed safely, then suddenly perished — although we have every proof that at the moment of his death he was happy, healthy, well fed, warm, and without human or animal enemies. Mr. Stefansson's explanation here (and throughout the book) is a beautiful piece of deduction, based on his own experience.

Another of his tales concerns the nineteenth-century English explorers whose doom came probably from their incredible sense of dignity as officers and gentlemen. In another chapter you can stew over the fate of nine thousand Greenland colonists who apparently vanished clean from the earth. Then there was young Simpson — was his death a frame-up? And, finally, Levanevsky and his party of Russian Arctic flyers, who, Mr. Stefansson believes, may yet be safe. He gives them a few years before he'll admit they're lost.

Not the least absorbing part of his book is the incidental material on the trials and errors of Arctic exploration in general and the sense the writer gives you of the usefulness of all this rather romantic-seeming adventure. (It begins to look, in fact, as if the really important data was gathered not by expeditions but by searchers for lost expeditions.) Altogether, *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic* is worth any half-dozen current whodunits.

Not so long ago radio was still "wireless" and a matter of dots and dashes. Within the few intervening years it has become the newest and, in many ways, the most important means of artistic communication. Poets, for instance, whose books once reached only a few hundred readers, suddenly have millions listening to them. There is beginning a literature of the air which, barring not unforeseen accidents, may become comparable to the literature of the stage.

Fortunately there are also serious directors among those who control radio entertainment and education — and none more distinguished than Max Wylie of CBS. He is at once a realist and a respecter of the medium in which he works. This, together with his own ability to create crisp entertainment, makes his *Radio Writing* a top-flight book for both the casual reader and the serious craftsman. If you want to do radio work — plays, children's programs, commercial scripts, music continuity — here is practical and mature guidance of a superlative sort, with suggestions for homework exercises. If you're interested in an anthology of good radio drama (accompanied by a few examples of famously bad stuff), Mr. Wylie supplies it, with a generous lot of anecdotes and lore of the trade tossed in for good measure.

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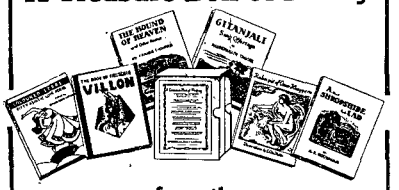

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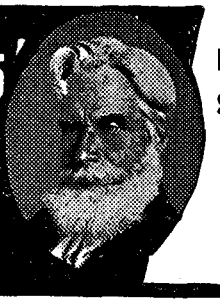

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